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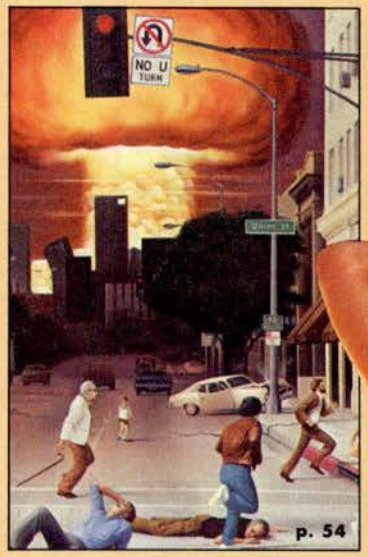

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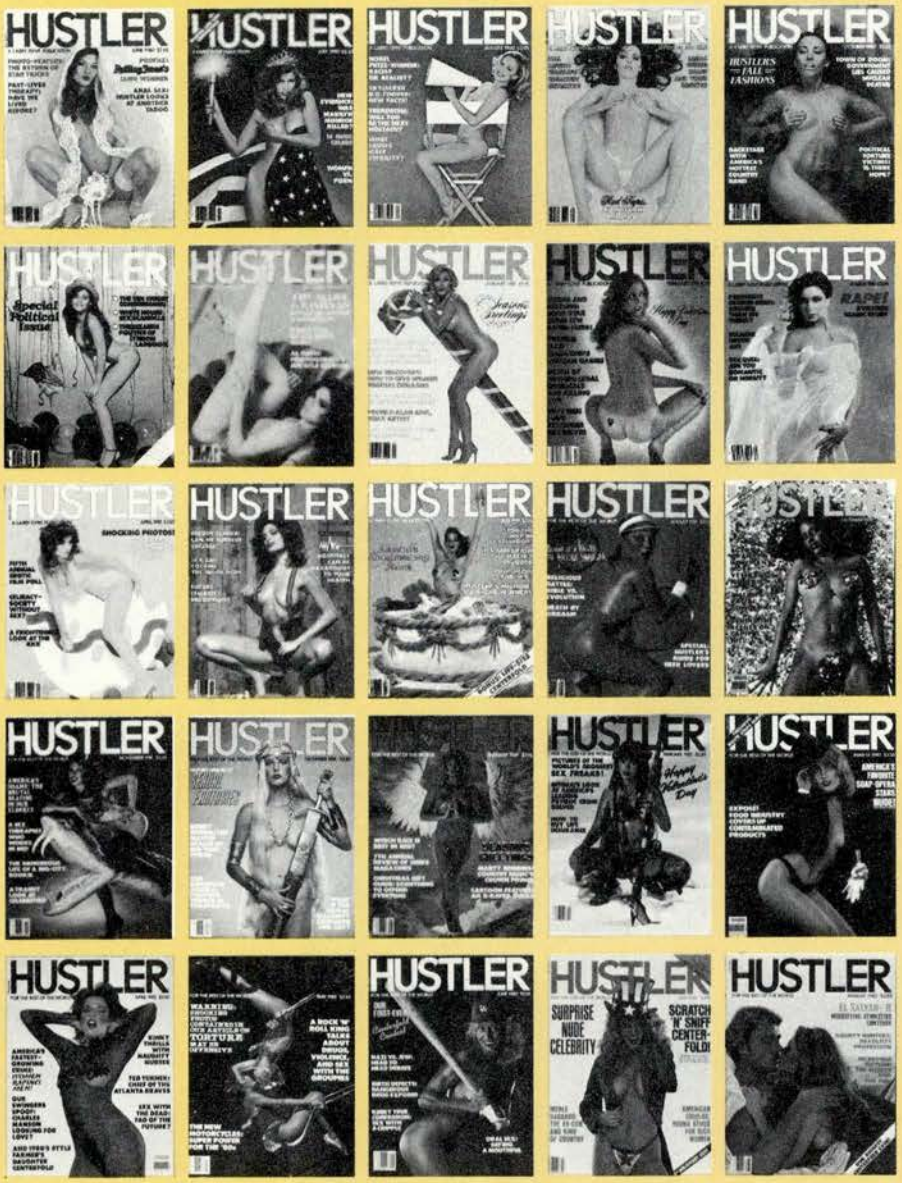

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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1982 VOLUME 9 NUMBER 3

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A Nation Gone Gun-Crazy

All I ever hear about the subject of guns in America are hysterical arguments from people with their own self-interest in mind. On one side, the pro-gunners talk about these weapons as if they were toys and weren't responsible for 11,000 murders every year. On the other side, the prohibitionists are out to undermine our Constitutional right to bear arms.

I don't believe guns should be outlawed. Responsible citizens have a right to own firearms for their own protection. A gun can be a great equalizer for a woman living alone—or anybody else trying to survive these days.

But it's time to face facts. One fact is that guns don't point themselves and pull their own triggers. It's the person *behind* the gun who kills. And America has been a human shooting gallery for a long time because it's always been too damned easy for the wrong people to get firearms. This insanity has gone on too long; we can stop it by demanding responsible *controls*.

The gun laws we have now are worthless. They're vague and confusing, and they vary from state to state and from town to town. Before purchasing a gun, a person in California supposedly has to wait 15 days so that the authorities can check his background. But all he really has to do is cross the state line into Arizona, which has no such check. Or he can go to Texas, where anybody can buy a gun over the counter without even showing a driver's license.

No wonder so many weapons end up in the hands of criminals and maniacs. We don't even have a nationwide law preventing such people from buying guns. And it's almost as easy for them to steal one. More than half of all firearms used for criminal purposes are stolen. That's why stolen guns should be listed in the same way that stolen credit cards are. The lists should be made readily available so that shopkeepers and citizens can check to see if any gun they run across is stolen. Purchasing a weapon from anyone other than a licensed dealer should be a severely punishable offense.

But most of all, gun owners have to be responsible for their weapons. Our attitude today is far too lax. Nobody should be able to buy a gun without showing he's aware of its capacity for destruction. Gun owners should have to pass tests—on gun safety, gun laws and gun operation—just as motorists do to obtain a driver's license. I can't think of anything crazier than putting an instrument of death into the hands of somebody who can't prove beyond all doubt that he or she knows how to handle it.

American kids see cartoon characters shot again and again by guns, but all that happens is the animated victim turns black for a few seconds and then comes back in perfect health. That "cartoon-view" of guns by adults is killing thousands of innocent Americans every year. How can anybody say we don't need controls when our killings-by-handgun rate is 1,375 times higher than Britain's, where there are about eight such deaths a year compared to America's 11,000?

Since my husband, Larry, was the victim of a gun in the hands of the wrong person, I know how important it is that we do not just sit back and accept a violent America as the way things have to be. We have to demand both the right to protect ourselves and a sane gun policy that keeps weapons out of the hands of killers.

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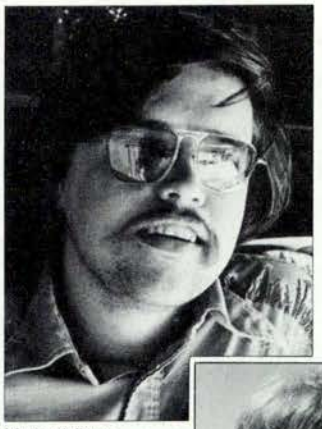
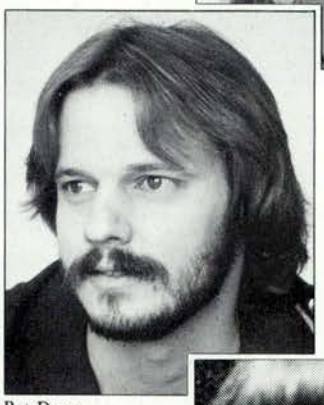
One of the secrets of HUSTLER's success is our ability to find the right person for the right job. For coverage of a controversial issue, we bring in a journalist who specializes in controversy. When a unique personality is being profiled, our reporter gets to know that person inside and out. And if a very special picture needs painting, we call in the artist who can best envision that scene. Our people are experts. And as this issue again demonstrates, their talents are well matched to their tasks.


Michael Bane

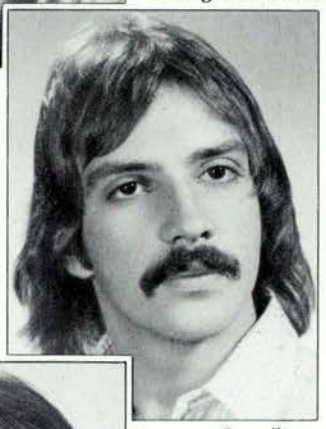
Racism is an inflammatory issue in today's society. So when HUSTLER decided to profile America's most famous racist, we had to be sure our reporter was top-notch. In **DAVID DUKE: IS THE WHITE RACE DOOMED?** writer **MICHAEL BANE** probes the mind of a man who preaches white supremacy. As former head of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and founder of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, Duke may startle you with statements that, at times, make Archie Bunker sound like Abe Lincoln. Bane, who contributed the thought-provoking *America's Racial Powder Keg* in the October 1981 HUSTLER, has amassed a wealth of knowledge of interracial politics. His latest book, *White Boy Singin' the Blues*, reviewed in last month's issue, is a racial study of the roots of rock 'n' roll. The companion photo is by **JIM CRESSON**.


Pat Dunn

For a feature article in HUSTLER, no task is too great. **NUCLEAR WAR: WILL ANY OF US SURVIVE?** is a terrifying look at the Bomb, and explains why the United States is dreadfully unprepared for survival in a post-nuclear world. Author **STEVE ZIPAY**, who profiled psychic crime-solver Dorothy Allison in our February issue, has also been published in New Jersey's *Bergen Record*, the *Connecticut Herald* and *Sport* magazine. The accompanying illustration is by HUSTLER regular **PAT DUNN**.

Christopher Corey

For those who believe rock 'n' rollers never die, this month's fiction will be of special interest. In **THE BIG COMEBACK** a rock star, presumed dead for ten years, returns to seek revenge on a cheating wife and a dishonest manager. It's a bloody tale of sex and intrigue written by **LIZZE JAMES**. Ms. James, who holds a Ph.D. in English from UCLA, is familiar with such possibilities. She contributed to a soon-to-be-released biography of the late and mysterious Jim Morrison, leader of the legendary rock group the Doors. The artwork is by HUSTLER newcomer **DENNIS MAGDICH**.


Steve Zipay

Until now the responsibility for birth control has rested almost entirely with the woman. This month's *Sex Play*, **CONTRACEPTION: THE MALE ROLE**, changes that idea. Another HUSTLER newcomer, **MARGOT JOAN FROMER**, explores the research being conducted to enable men to share more equally in the burden of birth control. Fromer, a medical expert in the science of birth and sexuality, has written for a number of professional publications on the East Coast. Her latest book is *How to Quit Smoking in 30 Days Without Cracking Up*. The stunning illustration is by **CHRISTOPHER COREY**, who made his HUSTLER artistic debut in last month's *Sex Play*, "Getting Head: A Panel Discussion." Originally from San Francisco, Corey lived for a long time in New York, where he was the recipient of numerous awards, including the prestigious ANDY (for art direction) and AIGA (artistic accolade offered by the American Institute of Graphic Arts). He now lives and works in Los Angeles.

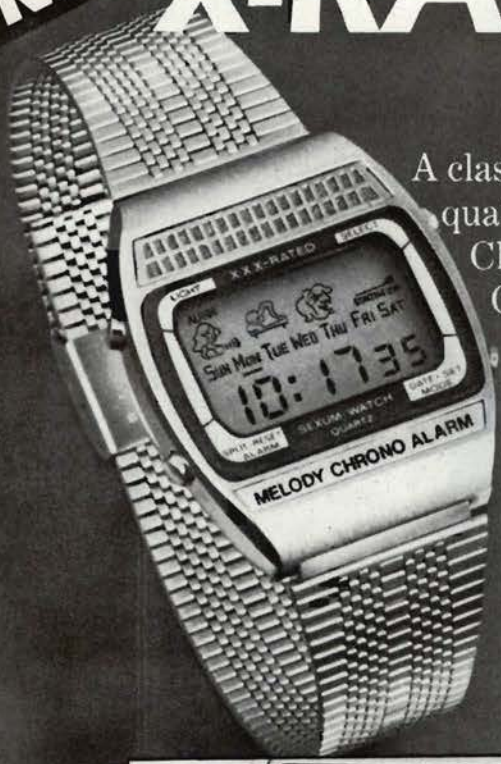
Lizze James

For our special pictorial feature, **THE WORLD'S MOST EXOTIC FETISH WEAR**, we consulted the "bibles" of bizarre evening wear and kinky apparel, the Centurians catalogs. The Centurians have long provided the fashion-fetish lover with latex and leather. See why in this HUSTLER extra.

Finally, take a good look at **DANIELLE** and her brush with **THE BEAR FACTS** in one of this month's wild photo-spreads. Keep in mind that these pictures are only the beginning of her adventures. They'll be continued next month with some surprising results.

Cover by Mark Rice

NEW X-RATED WATCH!



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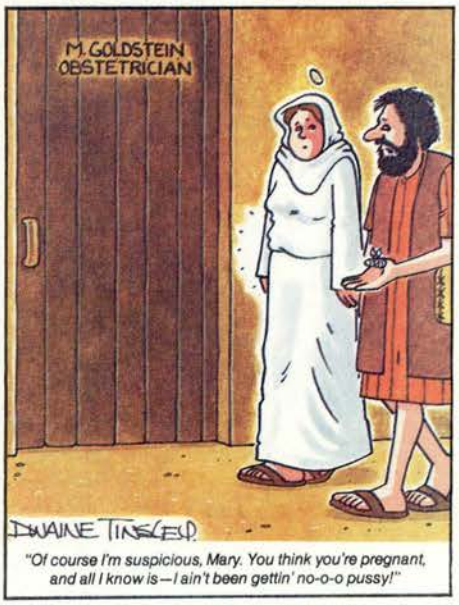
Scratch 'n' Sniff: I sure enjoyed your Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold in the July HUSTLER (top photo). I hope you repeat the idea at least once a year. HUSTLER and CHIC have three of the best photographers in the business: Clive McLean, Matti Klatt and James Baes. —Don Shurley
Union City, Tennessee

Here we go again! Don't you people know that pussy smells like tuna fish, not perfume? I thought that your July Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold would make up for your blunder last time. Please give us a third Scratch 'n' Sniff, and this time let's have *pussy* that smells like *pussy!* —B. M.
Houston, Texas

Concerning that outstanding July Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold, I need only a few words to express myself—fucking great! —Jaime Rosales
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

We just received your July issue featuring the Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold. We scratched and sniffed, and in plain words it didn't smell like pussy. We really like HUSTLER; however, we think the scent of your July centerfold is phony. —Volunteer Fire Department
Manhasset, New York

Funny Stuff: I enjoy HUSTLER's cartoons, but the one on page 61 of your



"Of course I'm suspicious, Mary. You think you're pregnant, and all I know is—I ain't been gettin' no-o-o pussy!"

July issue confused me (above). I can't see the significance of Joseph's bandaged left thumb in Dwaine Tinsley's "Joseph and Mary." —Tom Welch
Sterling Heights, Michigan

It's simple. The bandage on Joseph's thumb alludes to the fact that Jesus' father was a carpenter.

Girl Views: I'd sure like to call *Ivy: Restless Nights* (right photo), in your June issue. Just looking at that flaming red box of hers was too much. My rod became rock hard. I'd love to make her pearly whites even whiter.
—Bill Coolbaugh
Camp Pendleton, California

The hottest thing ever shown in HUSTLER was the November 1980 photo-feature *Stud Service*, which had a white woman and a black man. *That* was something different, but your layouts since have been less original. I've bought HUSTLER for years, and that November 1980 issue beats them all. You need to show more Negro men because white women love a big black dick. It's the thing of the '80s.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

HUSTLER photographs too many blondes! Has the world run out of brunettes? The girls also look over made-up. Whatever happened to the clean, innocent look? I don't like the sluttish look. The models you choose are also much too slim. HUSTLER has moved too much toward appealing to yahoo, cowpunching cowboys. Many of those people aren't a mature-enough audience.

Lust Weekend, though, in your July issue, wasn't bad. In the future, I'd like to see more anal sex between men and women and fewer lesbian sets. You should also pick women with large breasts—not enormous—but large, preferably with erect, well-developed nipples. —R. Melendez
Bronx, New York

Now that Althea Flynt has taken over as publisher, maybe we'll start seeing some good-looking women in your centerfolds and photo-layouts. For example, in your April issue, *The Farmer's Daughter* is one of the ugliest girls ever featured. You should have called her "The Farmer's Cow." *Ivy: Restless Nights* (June) is not very attractive either. I could find a better-looking snail. And June's centerfold, *Holly: A Tiger in Bed*, looks like a bulldog in bed. Her nose is a real turn-off.

Come on, tell whoever's picking these dogs to quit looking at only the bodies and start being a little picky with the facial features. Many of my friends feel as I do about your photo-layouts, and I figure it's about time someone spoke up. Your magazine is one of the better ones; so let's keep it that way! —T. L. B.
Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan

If you don't move Chris from Novato, California, in the June *Beaver Hunt* to

centerfold status, your eyes need serious attention. We deserve a closer look at Chris. She's got to be rated "prime pussy." —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Jew vs. Nazi: I read June's article *Jew vs. Nazi: A Face-to-Face Debate*, and I think Michael Canale is an ignorant Nazi. I'll bet the hide off a fat bastard like him would probably upholster my entire Mercedes. I might even let the

Jewish Defense League's Irv Rubin take the car for a spin after I give him Canale's ears. —R. R.
Los Angeles, California

Regarding your June article *Jew vs. Nazi: A Face-to-Face Debate*, I think the Jews and Nazis ought to fight one another until they are both too exhausted to threaten anyone else. During World War II that's the advice Harry Truman gave the world regarding the Russians and Germans. If one side falls behind, help them just enough to keep them in the ring. To me, that idea fits the Nazi/Jew conflict perfectly.

Irv Rubin implies that the 1973 oil embargo is not important because we now have plenty of oil. But the price of oil started climbing during the embargo, from $3 a barrel to about $35 a barrel. That price soaks up money that would go a long way toward reducing unemployment and alleviating other economic problems. —A. B. Jones
Daytona Beach, Florida

Ted Nugent: Your interview *Ted Nugent: Rock 'n' Roll King Gives the Lowdown on Superstardom* (May) was excellent. I had that cat pegged for a real freak. But thanks to author Fred Schruers, I now know that Nugent has his shit wired straight. In that same issue Richard Warren Lewis' *Torture: Man's Inhumanity to Man* was also very interesting. I like HUSTLER's frankness on such a crucial subject. You're getting better all the time. —Frank Sivori
Tallulah, Louisiana

Your May interview with Ted Nugent should have been put in the *Asshole of the Month* section. You'd have to search far and wide to top that jerk in sheer hypocrisy, immaturity and bullshit. His comments about guns, nuclear power, marriage and women contradict themselves about every 12 lines. He sounds like Jerry Falwell's little boy. Upgrade future HUSTLER interviews by keeping out assholes like Nugent.
—Dewey Rowe
Oceanside, California

Appalling Asshole: We were extremely appalled by Lloyd W. Burwell (June's Asshole of the Month), who causes children to suffer inhumanely for such normal adolescent behavior as smoking cigarettes, skipping school and swearing. As correctional officers, we are very much aware of the type of situations that bring children to us. How could a man who's given the authority to represent the judicial system be so blind and impudent in his ways as to feel he's teaching kids a lesson by placing them in an adult security system? We highly commend HUSTLER for bringing this to the public's attention. How can this man be in the position of juvenile-court judge? Your child could be next! —Jim Pethan and Tom Wavra
Waupun, Wisconsin

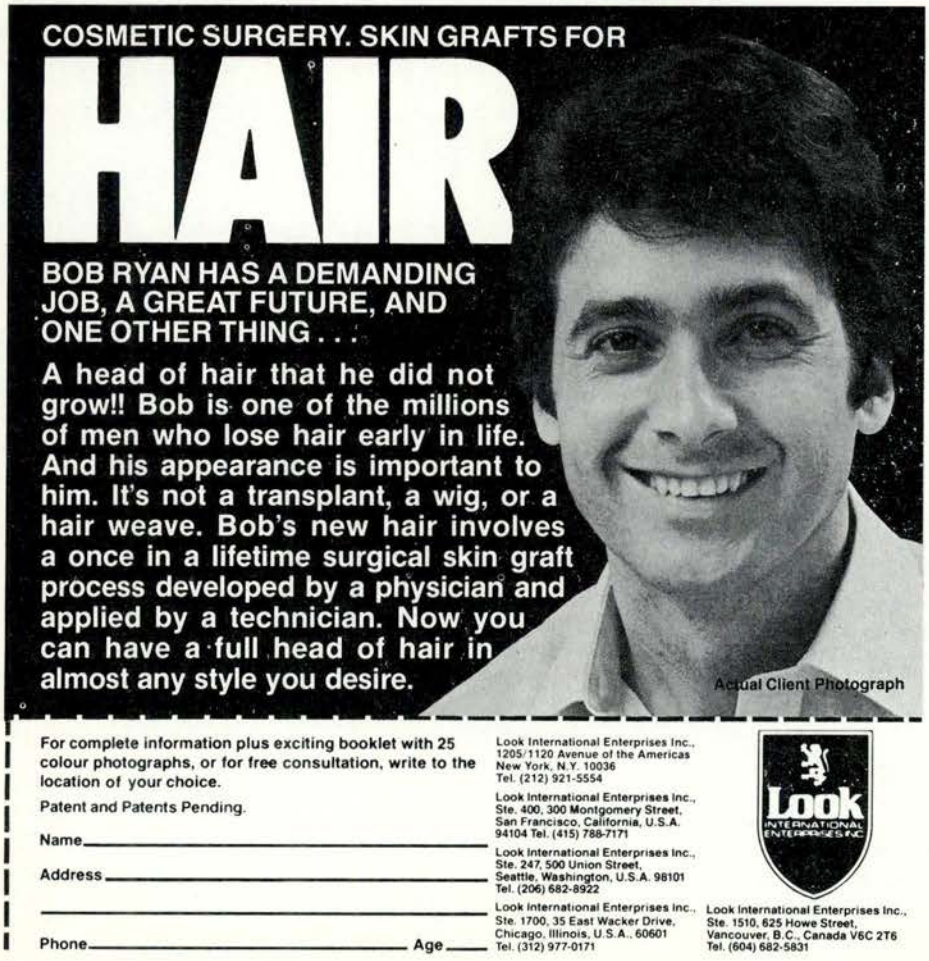
Handicapped Lover: I would like to thank HUSTLER for printing the *Kinky Korner* "My Lover Was Handicapped" (June). I am a 35-year-old man and have been handicapped since I was four. It's nice to hear that there are people who can look past the braces and crutches to the person inside. Yet it is surprising how many believe that a handicapped person cannot have sex. My boss has questioned my sexual ability even though he has seen my two kids. Maybe soon more people will learn that we are men and women first, and handicapped second. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sick Appeal? I do not appreciate the sick appeal in *Bits & Pieces* nor the comic-strip approach in *Honey*. For my money—and that's what you're using—you could drop that sort of thing. HUSTLER has the best photos in the business, even if all your models are blond and fair of flesh. You come up with a few good articles too. So stick with what you do best. I especially look forward to *Beaver Hunt* each month.
—Harold K. Eplie
Sacramento, California

Work of Art: For the past couple of years I've been reading your magazine faithfully and would like to say that everything written, drawn and photographed is a work of art in my eyes. Thanks for great entertainment and the most-beautiful girls in the world.
—Peter G.
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

What's Obscene? Congratulations for printing such a great magazine. HUSTLER's the best, to say the least. Living in Wichita, Kansas, it seems to me that the Moral Majority owns this state. I'm amazed that so many people here criticize pornography and tell other people how to behave. The only real obscenity, as you say, is war.
—Joe Alcala
Wichita, Kansas

I'd like to say how much I enjoy your magazine. HUSTLER has provided me with intense satisfaction since 1978, and there's absolutely nothing about the publication that repulses me, although I can understand why others are repelled. HUSTLER is the magazine of our new



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age, and those who think otherwise aren't equipped for that very real game of life. —Anthony V. Shillings
Washington, D.C.

I enjoy HUSTLER and am completely opposed to censorship of any kind. I appreciate the stand the Flynts have taken, even though it's been very dangerous for them personally. Unfortunately, here in Canada everything is censored, and the local Moral Majority squad thinks it has God-given authority to dictate everyone's lifestyles and morals. And we don't have anyone here of the Flynts' caliber to challenge the situation. Our only hope is the Constitution. With any luck, we'll have freedom of expression and choice, including the right to see magazines like HUSTLER uncensored.
—Mrs. R. Dangl
Scarborough, Ontario, Canada

Two Wishes: I recently read an article regarding the attempt on Larry Flynt's life. In all this time, I didn't know he is unable to walk. As a gunsmith, I have the responsibility to my customers and the community to show them how to be safe and considerate with weapons. So I feel bad when I hear about the misuse of guns and hope those degenerates who assaulted Mr. Flynt get their just punishment.

Before I kick the bucket, I'd like to see two things: I'd like to orbit Earth in a space shuttle, and I'd like to hear that Larry Flynt can walk again.

HUSTLER's excellent cartoons and features are very educational. Even though I'd never smash a seal's head, seeing a satiric cartoon depicting this atrocity has really helped me think and grow. —Pete Lautrec
Phoenix, Arizona

Althea Flynt, Publisher: I saw the picture of Althea Flynt on your *Publisher's Statement* page. She's a very pretty young lady. If you're as liberal as you claim, why not have Althea bare it all for her magazine's centerfold? What do other readers think of this idea?
—Name Withheld by Request
Thornton, Colorado

It looks like the Moral Majority and other bluenoses can celebrate victory. Without Larry Flynt, HUSTLER probably won't be any better than another fucking *Playboy*. No longer will there be anybody to fight the government and the censors or to take a stand for freedom. Flynt is quitting at a time when he's needed most, now that we've got the most-repressive regime in the White House since the days of Coolidge. The ultra-right Moral Majority is well organized and financed. I sincerely hope Flynt considers something besides quitting and giving up. —Kevin Kitchen
Kansas City, Missouri

Althea Flynt promised in her first Publisher's Statement (May): "You're going to keep getting everything you expect from HUSTLER Magazine—and a lot more."

Please do a pictorial spread of Althea Flynt. She looks like a very enchanting lady, and her posing would prove a thing or two to a few people. HUSTLER's number one with me. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I've been an avid subscriber and reader of HUSTLER since its inception, collecting each issue intact—with one exception. I removed the centerfold spread of Althea Flynt and left it hanging in my bedroom all these years. And now Althea, my ultimate heroine, is the publisher of the world's greatest magazine. A hearty congratulations.
—Richard F. Beach
Markleysburg, Pennsylvania

Since the day Larry Flynt was paralyzed by a madman's bullet, I've heard very little about him. I would like to know how he's doing. Is he still claiming to be a born-again Christian? Has he finally detached himself from HUSTLER? I'd also like to recommend that Althea Flynt show pink in your magazine.
—Richard B. Kendall
Wheaton, Maryland

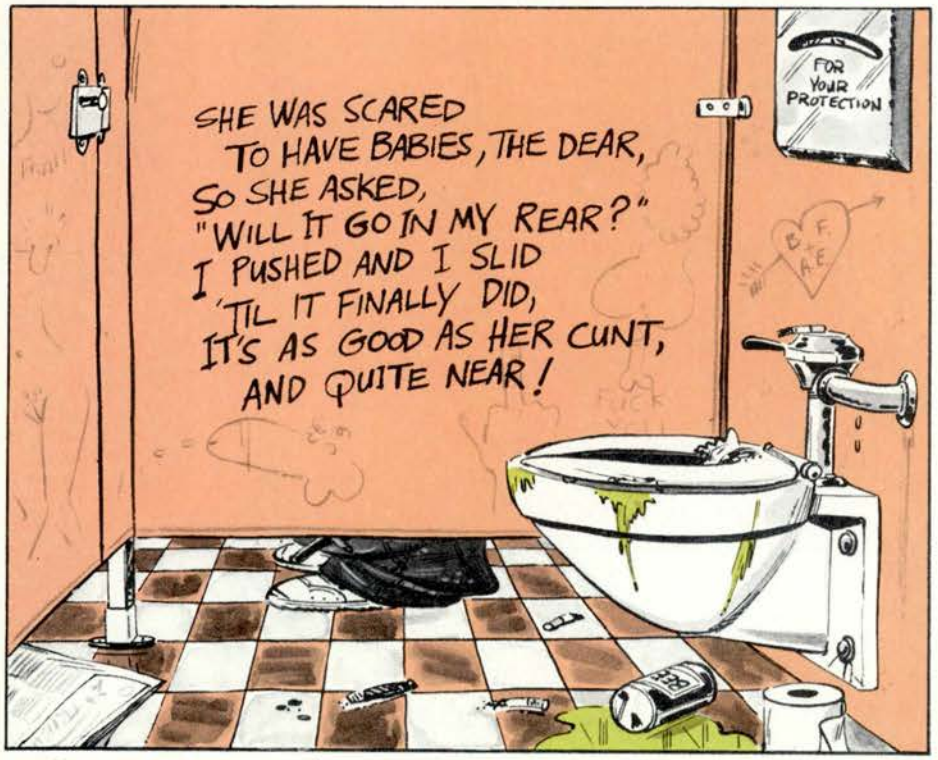
Larry Flynt is retired, and was last seen out in the desert hugging a tree. Althea showed pink in the July 1975 HUSTLER.

So Larry Flynt has left HUSTLER and turned it over to his wife. Big deal! Hell, for the last few years the material in the magazine—along with all the other men's magazines—reads as if it had been written by Gloria Steinem or Dr. Joyce Brothers. Males today are being victimized by females using their sexist laws and the legal system as weapons. All we get in the way of advice from HUSTLER is crap like not worrying about the odor if a lady doesn't douche.

Horseshit! The only effect Larry's leaving will have is that HUSTLER will become even more of a sounding board for female bullshit, and lead more unsuspecting young males down the road to bankruptcy, incarceration or even death! —Joe K.
Oceanside, California

You sound like you're blaming women for your own failures in life. As we said in June's Sex Play, ". . . neither the smell nor the taste of a clean pussy is unpleasant."

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A Vanderbilt University law student returning from a whiskey-distillery tour fell from a bus after he pressed his bare buttocks against a window that subsequently popped open. Eric Finkelman, 25, was hospitalized in good condition with a head injury and a broken hand from the popular prank called "mooning." The incident occurred on Interstate 65 south of Nashville when Finkelman butted against a window that also served as an emergency exit. "I've seen some strange things in my 23 years on the force, and this was one of them," said traffic officer Charlie Hay.

New Yorkers dining in a midtown Manhattan Italian restaurant lost $75,000 in cash and valuables to a daring robber, but retained their civic pride. The bandit had a couple of drinks before pulling his gun and extracting the loot from some 50 people. He then ordered another drink, charmingly smashed it against a wall and fled. After the holdup man left, the patrons rose to their feet for a rousing rendition of the song "I Love New York."

A police dog with a photographic memory identified an armed-robbery suspect in Everett, Washington. Police spokesman Ken Murray said that Kento, a three-year-old German shepherd, attended a police briefing and was shown a mug shot of the suspect as a joke. While on patrol duty ten minutes later the animal began barking and howling in the back of the squad car. Thus alerted, its human partner, Officer Gerald Campbell, spotted the suspect in a crowd at a bus stop. Murray said there was no other reason for the dog's reaction.

A 58-year-old Brooklyn, New York, resident has sued a Greek airline for $150,000 on the grounds that he was rendered impotent after a stewardess accidentally poured hot coffee on him during a flight. While vacationing in Greece, Max Binder and his wife were aboard an Olympic Airways jetliner when the plane hit an air pocket, causing the flight attendant to lose her balance and spill the hot beverage on his lap. As a result, Binder maintains, he suffered serious burns that led to his impotence.

A man who claimed he didn't like TV was arrested in Burbank, California, after allegedly firing four shots into NBC's studios. Forty-five minutes earlier an audience had just left a taping of the "Tonight Show" starring Johnny Carson. Cary Blue Stilfield, 28, was later booked for assault on an occupied building. Police lieutenant Jay Farrand remarked, "He said he didn't like television and was going to take care of that problem."

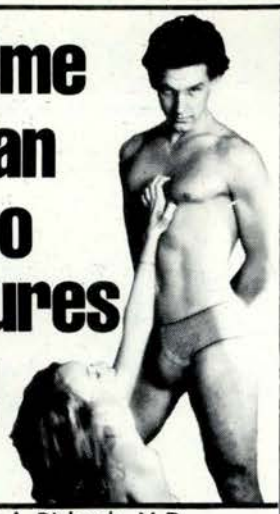
Police in Sanford, Florida, have arrested a man on charges that he "burned up" phone lines by making some 80,000 obscene and harassing calls during the past 12 years. James Douglas McKenzie admitted making an average of 20 calls a day to women since he was 16.

A Texas official who used a racial slur in a campaign speech was ousted by Democratic voters in a primary election. Incumbent Agriculture Commissioner Reagan V. Brown, 60, was soundly defeated after he referred to Booker T. Washington as a "great black nigger." Washington was a famous American educator born in 1856.

A Catholic priest accused of drowning ten cats has pleaded no contest to a charge of cruelty to animals. Father Allen De Long, who lives and teaches at a Los Angeles-area high school, drowned the felines one at a time in an oil drum filled with water because they were constantly "fighting and manuring." He paid his $300 fine to a cat-care foundation.

In New City, New York, police have tracked down a man about 30 years old who had been showing up near school-bus stops in a large diaper. Because there's nothing illegal about wearing such attire, the man was simply instructed to stay away from children. Apparently, he approached kids as they waited for their buses and asked, "Where's the masquerade party?" Police said that the man offered no "logical" explanation for his activity and that he didn't harm or even touch the youngsters.

Become a Man who measures Up!



by Brian A. Richards, M.D.

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ABOUT THE DOCTOR

Dr. Brian Richards is one of Europe's best-known sex therapists. He heads the Kent Private Clinic in Sandwich, England, where he has helped thousands of men and women attain physical happiness and sexual success with one another. He is a fellow of the Royal Academy and the New York Academy of Sciences.

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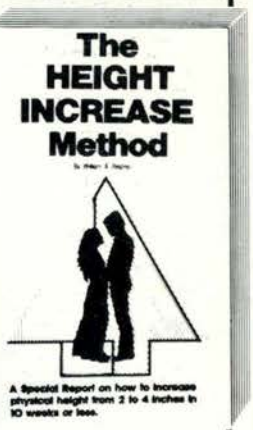

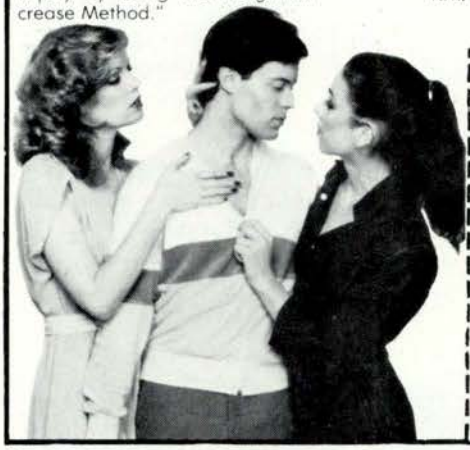

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

After a Mastectomy: At the age of 36 I must have a breast removed. I know it's either lose the breast or lose my life, but I'm not so sure I want to live anyway. Who'd ever find me attractive? Certainly no one wants to make love to a freak. —P. M.
Oak Grove, Illinois

Talk to your doctor about your fears. In some cases, during the operation, part of the breast's skin and the nipple can be saved, and a plastic surgeon can later reconstruct a breast. Even if your breast flesh can't be used, surgeons can still rebuild a breast using some skin from under your arm and a silicone implant.

The most important thing to remember is this: You won't be a freak. Few of us are physically perfect. A man who cares for you is not going to be chased away because you have one breast. Therapy might be helpful so you can realize that your worth as a woman is not tied to the state of your breasts. Your local chapter of the American Cancer Society can provide you with the names of qualified therapists in your area.

Mom Was Right: This question has been causing some debate in our household. After years of hearing my mother tell me that you can get "those diseases" from toilet seats, my wife finally convinced me she was wrong. Yesterday Mom called and said, "I told you so." She'd heard on the radio that you *can* get VD from toilet seats. Is she right? —R. N.
Raleigh, North Carolina

After all these years it turns out Mother just might be right after all—at least for one kind of VD. A new study conducted by Drs. Trudy Larson and Yvonne Bryson at the University of California at Los Angeles shows that the herpes virus can survive up to 72 hours outside of the body. The researchers tested herpes sufferers and found that the virus, once thought to die quickly when exposed on dry surfaces, lived from 1½ to four hours on toilet seats and up to three days on cotton gauze.

Dr. Larson says it's the gauze she's particularly concerned about. She warns, "The surfaces of gauze are similar to towels, and people with genital herpes should be extra careful that no one else uses their towels when they have an outbreak."

Although these tests at UCLA don't conclusively prove you will get herpes in a nonsexually transmitted way, they certainly leave open the possibility that you may.

Tanning Safety: I don't get much time to relax during the summer; so I never have the chance to build up a tan. Because my husband plays tennis every week, he's tanned and beautiful. I've been thinking about going to one of those indoor tanning salons. Are they safe? —C. W.
Springfield, Missouri

Tanning, whether it's done indoors or outdoors, needs to be approached cautiously. Indoor tanning, where the rays are highly concentrated, is not recommended for people who burn easily, rarely tan when in the sun or are prone to develop cold sores. Otherwise, the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services says tanning booths are safe if you follow certain guidelines.

First, talk to your doctor before you sign up for indoor tanning. Some medications, like birth-control pills and antibiotics, can increase skin sensitivity and turn tanners into lobsters. Keep your eyes closed while in the booth and always wear the protective goggles provided. Each tanning machine is different; make sure you follow exposure directions exactly. Never overstay your visit. As in outdoor tanning, slowly building a tan is the safest approach.

Laughing-Gas Highs: I'm an orderly at a hospital, and lately I've been getting high by inhaling nitrous oxide from tanks. It's a great high, but I don't know a lot about the chemical. Is it dangerous to continue inhaling it? —Y. R.
Muskegon, Michigan

Nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, has become a popular way to get high. Most people use the gas capsule found in whipped-cream containers, although hospital personnel like yourself often use nitrous oxide directly from tanks. The high is attained when the gas cuts off the brain's oxygen supply, creating a lightheaded effect.

Inhaling these vapors is a risky practice. Although the gas from whipped-cream cans is diluted 30% by room air, inhalers can still take in enough nitrous oxide to prompt fainting spells. Also, the gas sometimes causes the vocal cords to close, making breathing difficult, if not impossible. Smokers, whose respiratory tracts are sensitive to irritants, are more apt to experience breathing problems. People with heart disorders risk having irregular heartbeats if they use nitrous oxide.

"I know you heal the sick, but can you deprogram Moonies?"

People like you, who inhale the gas from hospital tanks, are taking even more of a risk. Dr. Clayton Petty, professor of anesthesiology at the University of Utah College of Medicine, warns: "If you're not very careful to inhale air simultaneously, and you breathe pure nitrous oxide for longer than three minutes, you could suffer permanent brain damage from lack of oxygen. If you inhale it longer than six minutes, you'll die."

Fake Orgasms: My husband says that once, several years ago, he actually faked an orgasm. I don't see how this is possible. I think I would notice. Is he teasing me? —W. C.
Washington, D.C.

Maybe not. According to a sexual survey conducted by sociologist Terry Ruefli of Daemen College in Amherst, New York, almost 50% of the men studied said they could fake an orgasm if they wanted to. And 18% admitted doing so on at least one occasion. The test subjects said they got away with their false climax either by making orgasmic sounds, by simply lying or by letting their partner assume they'd come.

In Dr. Ruefli's opinion, since our society views lack of orgasm as sexual failure, many men feel pressured to pretend. Although many women claim they'd know by the lack of ejaculate when their man didn't climax, the doctor says most women don't want to know. Dr. Ruefli calls it the "no news is good news" syndrome, explaining that most women would blame themselves if their partner wasn't satisfied. Rather than feel guilty, they just ignore the situation.

Toxic Shock: Ever since the publicity about tampons' causing toxic shock, I've switched to sanitary napkins. But these aren't as comfortable as tampons, and I'm thinking of switching back. Are tampons safe? —J. S.
Baltimore, Maryland

Judging by recent history, there is definitely some danger involved in using tampons. But researchers still don't know exactly what causes toxic-shock syndrome. Although the disease has been linked to tampon use, nonmenstruating women (and even some men) have come down with toxic shock. A number of scientists theorize that chemicals in the higher-absorbency tampons are responsible for creating a toxin in the body. Another theory is that women keep these more-absorbent tampons in longer, allowing bacteria to enter the body, possibly via the tampon's string.

Since Rely tampons were withdrawn from the market, the federal Center for Disease Control reports a decrease in the number of toxic-shock syndrome cases. For example, in September 1980 (the month Rely was pulled from store shelves), there were 118 reported cases of toxic shock. Last September there were only 23 reported incidences. It's not known whether this is due to the absence of Rely, or if women are more aware of potential problems.

To be safe, most physicians advise women to alternate tampons, sanitary napkins and minipads during their periods. Don't, for instance, use tampons on low-flow days. Change your tampons at least every six hours. And, most important, if you develop a fever, vomiting or diarrhea during your period, seek medical attention immediately.

Female Wet Dreams: My wife and I have had an ongoing argument about whether women have wet dreams. I say they can't. She says she's had orgasms while sleeping. Who's right? —C. J.
Omaha, Nebraska

Strictly speaking, women do not have wet dreams or nocturnal emissions, because these are defined as a sleeping male's ejaculation. But women can and do experience orgasm during their sleeping hours.

Wet dreams usually occur during the dream phase of sleep (the rapid-eye-movement stage). Most of us go through four or five rapid-eye-movement phases a night, each lasting about 20 minutes. At this time both men and women often experience genital arousal, although not necessarily in response to sexual dreams. Most men then have involuntary erections, which sometimes, but not always, lead to ejaculation.

As for women, the arousal often swells and lubricates the vagina. At this point some women have an orgasm, but it is a rare phenomenon. Interestingly, although many boys experience their first orgasm while asleep, women who report nocturnal climaxes are for the most part sexually experienced.

Cancer in Transsexuals: As a male-to-female transsexual, I receive constant doses of estrogen, a female sex hormone. I know that women taking estrogen to ease them through menopause are susceptible to some forms of cancer. Is this something I should be concerned about? —N. T.
Selma, Alabama

Although a small study reported in the British Medical Journal uncovered two transsexuals who developed breast cancer while on estrogen, there is not enough evidence for doctors to reach any definite conclusions. Since the hormone is necessary for transsexuals to retain softer skin, hairless faces and breast growth, you have to continue taking it.

Another potential trouble spot for male-to-female transsexuals is the liver. Women taking birth-control pills, which usually contain estrogen, often develop tumors in this organ. To catch any trouble before it gets serious, it is strongly recommended that you undergo regular breast and liver examinations.

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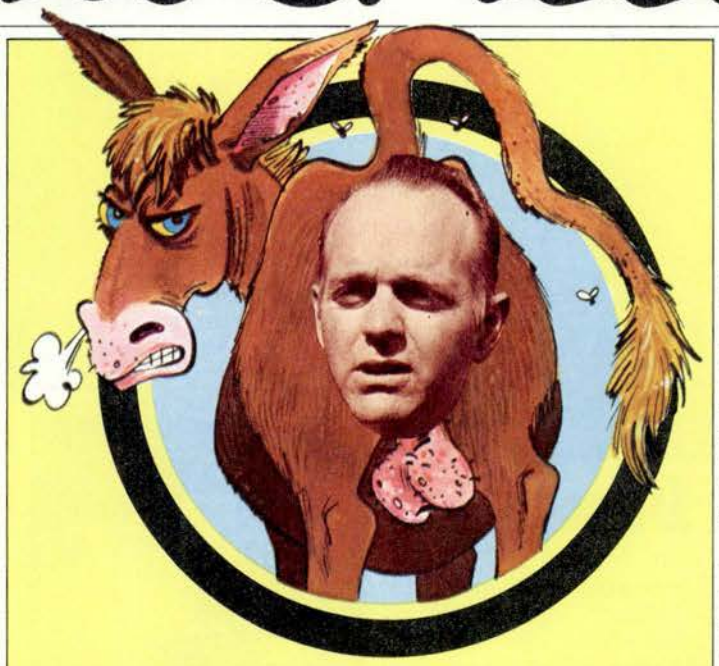


ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Dennis DeConcini

What would you do if a government agent walked into your home and started removing books from shelves? What would you tell him if he started taking magazines off your coffee table with the explanation that since they offended other people, nobody could have them?

Well, *we* would tell him to go piss up a rope. We all have the Constitutional right to read whatever we want to in our homes—no matter what anybody else thinks. That Constitutional guarantee is the basis of America's freedom of speech.

But somehow that right is always being threatened by self-righteous public officials who thumb their noses at the Constitution, even though they took an oath to defend it. One of those is U.S. Senator Dennis DeConcini (D-Arizona), who's trying to stick the government's nose into *your* living room. For that, he earns the title of September Asshole of the Month.

Simply put, DeConcini wants to censor what people can see on television in the privacy of their own homes. He's concerned with more than just regular TV channels—whose airwaves theoretically belong to the public. His proposed legislation (S2136) would crack down on cable and subscription television, programming that people *pay for*, voluntarily.

What DeConcini is trying to do is no different from having the government grab books from your shelf. Books and television are both methods of communicating ideas. And even though this senator apparently doesn't realize it, the free flow of ideas is what an open society like America is all about. Free speech means the *individual* decides—without interference from authorities—which ideas have merit.

But DeConcini wants to decide for us. His bill would prohibit anything "profane" or "indecent" from being transmitted through cable or pay TV. What's "indecent"? In DeConcini's mind it's nudity, sexual activity or even *talking* about sexual activity. If the senator gets his way, anybody who utters a four-letter word on television—cable or otherwise—could be sent to prison.

People subscribe to cable television because they want an alternative to the mindless crap usually dished out by network and syndicated TV. Because cable television is available only to those who consciously choose it by subscribing, it opens up the medium to the sort of creative, uncensored programming long denied the home viewer. Cable is a classic example of technology that can further make use of free speech.

But people like Dennis DeConcini don't see it that way. They view the wide world of cable as a *threat* to the repression they're trying to impose. DeConcini even says so straight out. "With the advent of cable television," he told the Senate, "it is more difficult to restrict the flow of pornographic and obscene materials into the American home."

Oh, yeah? Just who determines what's "pornographic" or "obscene"? The Ku Klux Klan in the South? The American Nazi Party in Skokie, Illinois? And since when is it supposed to be *easy* for the government to restrict anything that flows into the American home? Some people believe that too much government is bad government.

Is Senator DeConcini supposed to decide what is decent enough to go into an American home, rather than the people who live there? This so-called public servant has no perception whatsoever of the ideals of personal freedom that are the foundation of the American way of life. Perhaps he's just like hundreds before him, Hitler included, who have tried to climb the political ladder using the "fright" technique. It's also a perfect way to gain power at the expense of others.

Clearly, DeConcini is hell-bent on a mission to (in his words) "restore America to a proper and traditional moral climate." But who is he to say what a "proper" moral climate is? And what gives the government the right to *force* people toward any "traditional moral climate"? Traditions are established by the *people*, and are always changing. Twenty years ago the "proper moral climate" in the South was segregation; 120 years ago it was slavery. Is that what we want today?

DeConcini believes he can restore *his* idea of proper tradition by making sure people can't watch uncut televised movies in the privacy of their own homes. In other words, *he* knows best what we should or should not see—and we have no right to make a judgment as adults in a free country. Is this the kind of thinking we want from our elected officials?

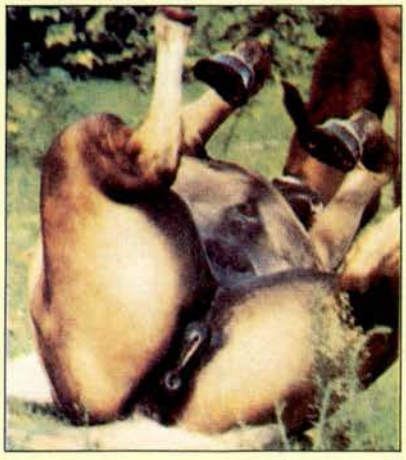
We don't expect DeConcini to change his ways because of what is written here. Repressive assholes like him are too caught up in their own self-righteousness to listen to voices of reason. But he's up for reelection this year, and the best thing the people of Arizona can do for the First Amendment is to make sure he's voted out of office. Rather than *Senator* DeConcini, the title of *Asshole* DeConcini is one he richly deserves.

Returning a Deposit

A hospital that provides a "money-back guarantee" is an idea whose time has come. In fact, it's already happening at the Methodist Center Hospital in Peoria, Illinois. It even has a 24-hour hotline to receive patient complaints. That's great, but how about a complaint *window?* Of course, administrators will have to be on guard against folks with phony complaints. For example, the new mom in our photo above knew the color wouldn't match when she made the transaction.

Recording Ob-session

Once in a great while a photographer or artist comes along who catches our eye with a flash of brilliance. Bob Carlos Clarke is a photographer *and* artist who combines an astounding eye for beauty with the deliberate distortion of color to create works that will set trends in erotic graphics for years to come. His book *Obsession* (Quartet Books Ltd., 27/29 Goodge St., London, England W1P 1FD), filled with arousing and frightening images, is available from most bookstores by special order.



Shop and Compare

We keep our eyes peeled for unusual photos in other publications, but who would think to look right here in our own backyard?

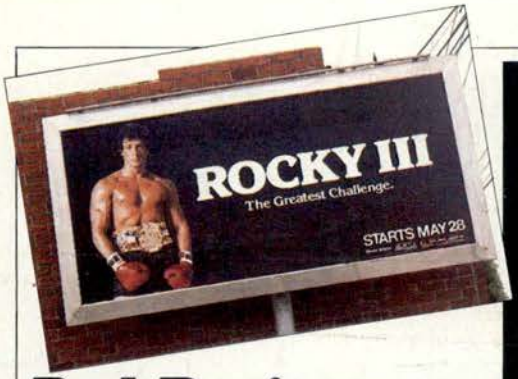
Luckily, you readers don't miss a thing! We were astounded that so many of you noticed the similarity in these two *Beaver Hunt* photos. Even though the one on the bottom appeared in February 1981 and the top shot appeared in December 1981, some of you were alert enough to notice and bring this amazing comparison to our attention. Even *we* didn't catch it!

And just look at them! It's absolutely astonishing that such a thing could exist—two photographers' deciding on the same exact pose.

Poop for One

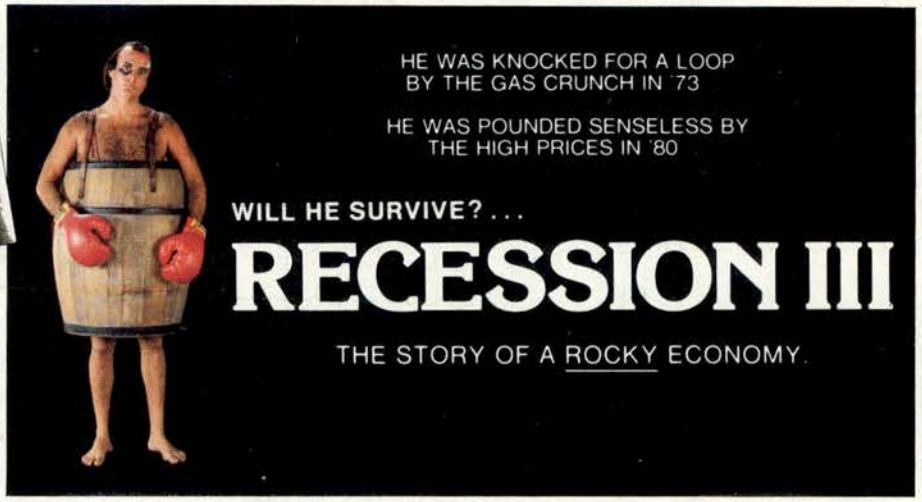
How many times does a housewife hear, "This shit again?" No one likes an ungrateful slob. So HUSTLER proposes this nifty solution: Take a jar of brown mustard, empty the contents and refill the jar from the baby's after-lunch diaper.

One bite into that frankfurter or hot pastrami sandwich, and he'll never grumble about "the same old crap" again.



Bad Reviews

Rocky Balboa is supposed to inspire every guy who's fought against unbeatable odds. Well, that's got to include the average American. He's been fighting greedy Arab oil sheikhs, a spendthrift government and the one-two punch of high interest rates and a sluggish economy for years. Maybe the film *Rocky III* should have been scrapped and our version released instead. It's time we changed our hero from the Italian Stallion to the American Workhorse.



What a Bummer

This ad for one of our favorite French magazines, *Photo*, appeared in another great French mag, *Paris Match* (63 Champs-Elysees, Paris, France 75008). Although *Photo* isn't strictly a men's magazine, its ad is still pretty racy. Isn't it interesting that a newsmagazine would carry something like this? If HUSTLER tried to run a similar ad in *Newsweek* or *Time*, we'd probably be called racist, sexist pigs or at least be told to shove off. We couldn't even get a page in the supposedly liberal *National Lampoon*! We bust our asses and get the shaft—she sticks hers out and gets into *Paris Match*. Wonder if she could handle a candlelight dinner for two?

Harrier Than Ever!

It's fab, gear and outasight! Not since the British invasion of the '60s has England made such an impact! Only thing is, the Limeys have traded the rock of the Beatles for the rocky Falkland Islands! This album will keep the Argentine navy doing the swim for a long time! Includes the hit "Haig, You, Get Off of My Crown" by the real Queen. Yeah! Yeah! Fire!

Stoned!

It's happened. The first pet-rock fatality has been reported. Police in Sydney, Australia, are investigating the death of Gwen Jackson, 62, who was struck on the head by a pet rock. HUSTLER is outraged. Rocks have been killing people since biblical times; yet the authorities have taken virtually no action against them. This incident points up the need to protect the public from rocks. Remember, guns don't kill people; *rocks* kill people.

Donna Dixon

Cheryl Ladd

Olivia Newton-John

Loni Anderson

Dolly Parton

MILLION DOLLAR MUFFS

Valerie Bertinelli

Catherine Bach

Victoria Principal

Jaclyn Smith

Morgan Fairchild

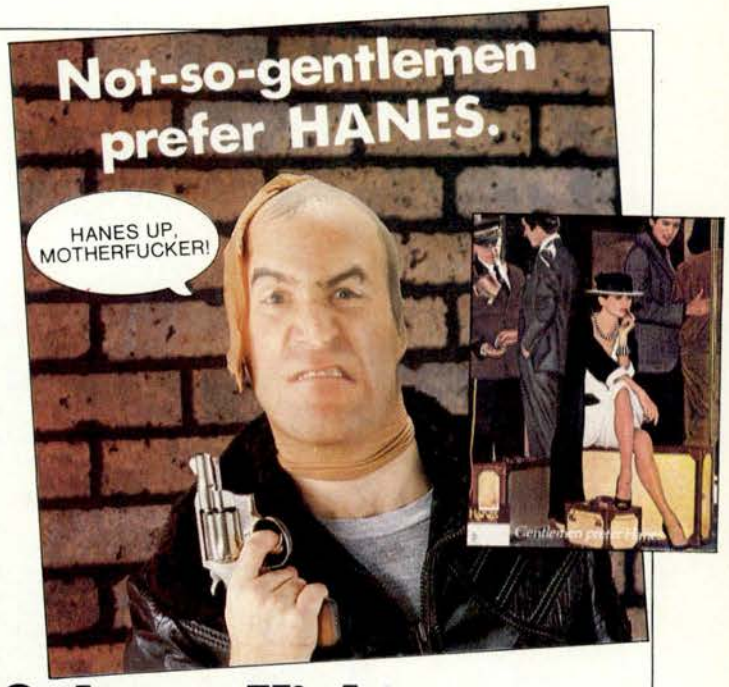
Your wish is our command. Here are the ten women you readers have voted as the ones whose muffs you'd most like to see. As a result, we're offering *$1 million* to the first of these celebs who'll pose for us HUSTLER-style showing pink. This year's top vote-getter proves a clean-cut girl from Australia *can* become a sex symbol. *Olivia Newton-John* has obviously succeeded in getting "physical." Newcomers include *Dallas*' Victoria Principal, and buxom Donna Dixon from *Bosom Buddies*. Loni Anderson of *WKRP*, double-barreled singer/actress Dolly Parton, *Flamingo Road*'s Morgan Fairchild, former "Charlie's Angels" Jaclyn Smith and Cheryl Ladd, *Dukes of Hazzard*'s leggy Catherine Bach and last year's most-wanted, Valerie Bertinelli (*One Day at a Time*), all earned another shot at the million. A quick note to those who voted for their wives: Sorry. And to those who voted for other guys' wives . . . you're seeing enough of those muffs already.

Wienie Roast

According to the *London Telegraph*, Anglican Church preacher Roger Cox decided to give up his sex life for his religious beliefs. Actually, he gave up a lot more than just his sex life. He gave up his sex tool as well.

In a prayer ceremony conducted with his wife at their home in Denbigh, Wales, Cox *cut off his penis and threw it in a fire*. Apparently, the two of them had been discussing the idea for 12 years.

Mrs. Cox didn't seem overly concerned about her husband's loss.



Only as a Nightcap

You've seen the "Gentlemen Prefer Hanes" ad. Sure, men like sexy legs. But the guys who prefer Hanes stockings are like the one pictured here. He prefers your wallet too.

Don't Feed the Bears

We've got a bone to pick with this state park. How come only big ones get a lick? We thought it was illegal to discriminate on the basis of race, color, or pecker size! Of course, it would really be something if this park could live up to its name. It would have some stiff competition though. We understand that Yellowstone's Old Faithful blows every hour.

Ads We'd Like to See

Roach Jammies

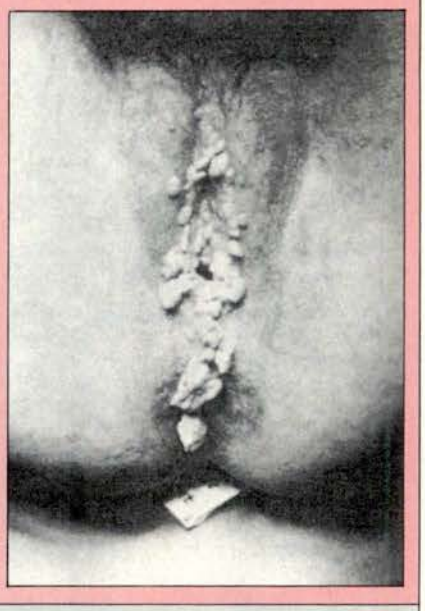
When the lights go out, the roaches come out. Imagine a poor, unsuspecting ghetto child, covered in roaches as he sleeps. Well, worry no mo' because we've got the answer—Roach Jammies.

Based on the same principle that made roach traps possible, Roach Jammies could be made of a sticky material that holds those little roach feet fast. Why spray a kid with Raid before bedtime, when you could put him in these? Sleep tight and don't let the bedbugs *get away*...with new Roach Jammies!

Eat and Die

This is extensive condylomata acuminata of the vulva. We call it "Maybe some other time . . ."

This disgusting but educational photo appeared as part of an article in the *Medical News* (257 Park Avenue South, 19th Floor, New York, NY 10010) on the new gynecological uses for laser surgery. Additionally, physicians claim the amazing laser bursts can be used to remove the dreaded herpes simplex virus II. Where were you when we were fighting the Blob?



Porn for Working Girls

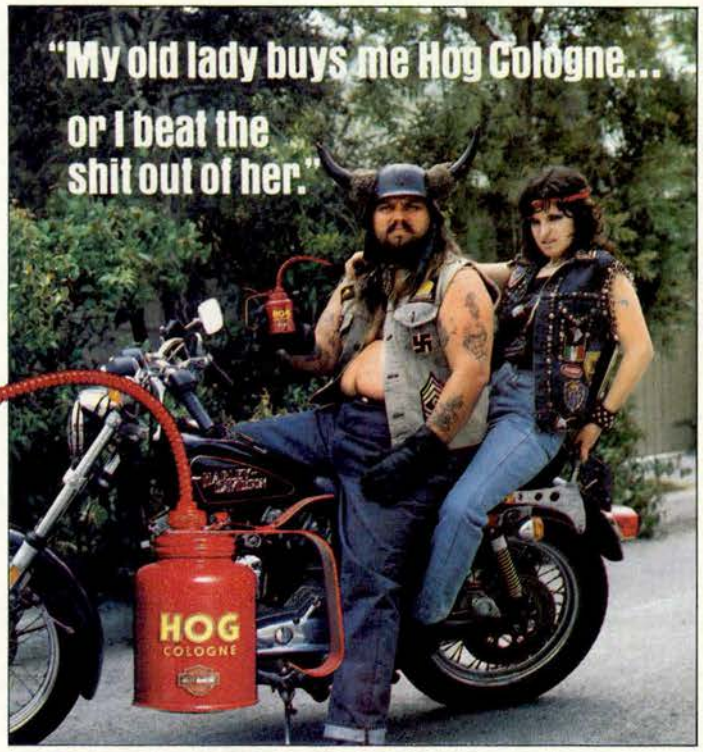
Cosmo's done it. *Mademoiselle*'s done it. HUSTLER's been doing it for a long time. But *Harper's Bazaar*?

We bet that the folks who founded this working women's guide to life and fashion *115 years ago* never thought topless women would be adorning its highly respectable pages. And what incredible women! These are some of the highest-paid, most-beautiful fashion models in the world!

You might recognize the crouching lady at far right—"It Must Be" Cheryl Tiegs with her nipple exposed. Considering the fierce battle for sales among the sophisticated women's publications, this could be an attempt to catch up with the modern female reader.

We'll continue to watch these pages for further interesting developments.

Smell Like an Angel



The Harley-Davidson company is looking to expand into other product areas. Negotiations are under way to put the Harley name on toys, beer, vitamins . . . and even a men's cologne. Actually, a cologne for bikers isn't such a bad idea. But the kind of guy you usually see riding a monster bike like a Harley is going to need a special fragrance—and a special advertising campaign to convince him he needs to smell like something other than stale beer.

Here's our suggested version of a new Harley-Davidson cologne for the men of the road. More brutish than Brut, yet subtler than Pennzoil—just the scent for the guy who wants to smell like his Hog.

Don't Wait!

This reader's photo is a good example of what can happen if you wait too long to send a picture of your lady to *Beaver Hunt*. What should we call this? . . . "One for the Necrophiliacs"?

Big in Shorts

Quite a few years ago former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver became a man of the cloth. No, not a minister—that came later. He was promoting pants with a cock pouch called "Cleavers." This reader's shot of what appear to be matching briefs gives you an idea how they looked. Should they have been called "Meat Cleavers"?

Most Tasteless Cartoon

"Must you pop your pimples in the car?!"

HUSTLER Update

LLOYD BURWELL
June '82

We named this Ohio juvenile-court judge Asshole of the Month for jailing more than 500 minors (most accused of petty offenses) in adult facilities with hardened criminals. After being locked up by Burwell, one of them, a 15-year-old honor student who had driven her parents' car without permission, was sexually attacked by three male prisoners. That incident and others prompted a lawsuit brought by the girl's parents with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union. As a result of the settlement agreement for that suit, Judge Burwell has been forbidden to send any more juvenile offenders to the Lawrence County Jail. In addition, the young girl assaulted by the three inmates was awarded $37,000 in damages.

CONTAMINATED FOOD: HOW MUCH CAN AMERICA STOMACH?
March '82

In our exposé, HUSTLER issued a warning about the danger of foreign objects in processed food—including insects. Recently a Nassau County, New York, jury awarded $425,000 in damages to Arlene Zuckerman, a 24-year-old Long Island bookkeeper who claimed she lost her hair from shock after biting into a live beetle while eating Dannon raspberry yogurt. "She felt a piece of foreign matter in her mouth," her lawyer said. "She knew it was too hard to be a raspberry, and besides, it was moving." The young woman is still bald.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we'll return art on request (enclose SASE). For September, $150 goes to Stephen Conners, Lawrence Mikel, Eddie Ray Reedom, Lynn Reising, Raymond Tillman and Michael Wells.

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How will you keep your head above water in the complicated '80s? The answer's right in your hands—HUSTLER. We dive into areas where other magazines are afraid to break the surface. In the past we've told you how to survive the American legal system, avoid a hospital calamity and identify the poisons in your everyday life. This is the kind of information *you need* to stay out of hot water. And we'll save your sex life too. Regular columns such as *Sex Play* and *Advise & Consent* have unraveled the mysteries of herpes, the male sex drive and the elusive vaginal orgasm. Preserve the life you love to live (and save money too) by subscribing to HUSTLER today!

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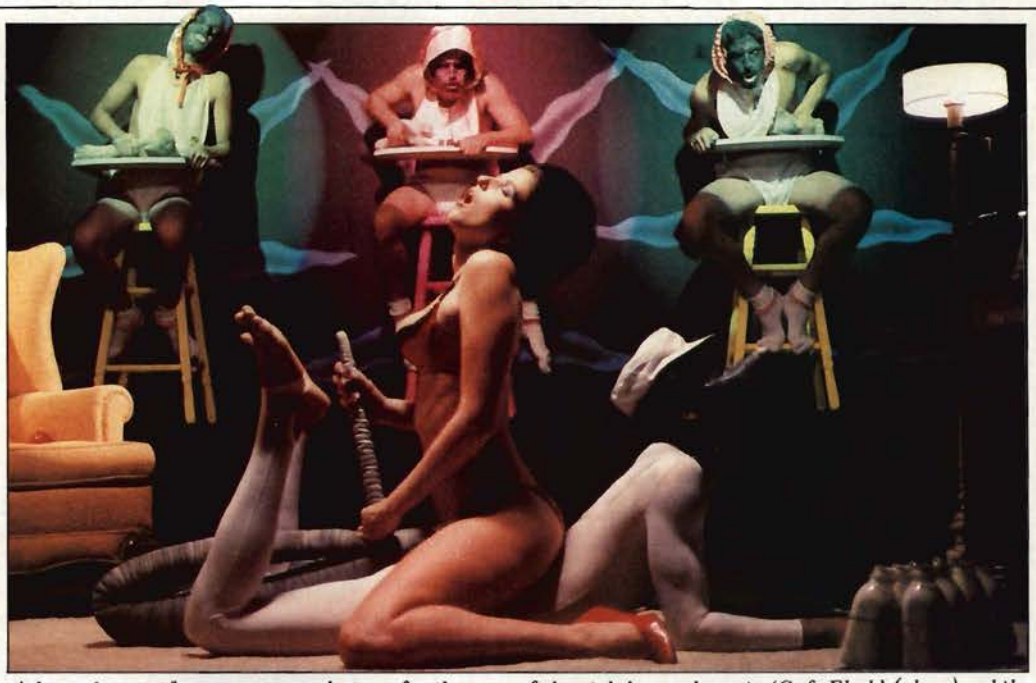
EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Dave Yuzo Spector

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.



A horny housewife gets an unusual piece of tail at one of the nightly sex shows in 'Cafe Flesh' (above), while the lean and lovely Marie Sharp takes the ten-inch challenge from superstud Kevin Jay (below).

Cafe Flesh

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by F. X. Pope and Rinse Dream; directed by Rinse Dream; written by Herbert W. Day and Rinse Dream; starring Pia Snow, Paul McGibboney, Andrew Nichols, Marie Sharp, Darcy Nychols, Neil Podorecki, Joey Lennon, Pez D. Spencer, Robert Dennis and Kevin Jay.

Let's face it. The social scene after a nuclear holocaust ain't going to be much fun. If anything, a decadent group of desperate survivors would emerge and discover that their tormented minds could be aroused only by something as perverse as the Bomb itself.

'Cafe Flesh': Pia Snow samples the talents of well-hung Kevin Jay.

This form of entertainment is the focal point of *Cafe Flesh*, a bizarre but innovative movie that transports the viewer into the Twilight Zone of futuristic sex.

Produced by the makers of the equally intriguing *Nightdreams*, this New Wave-influenced feature is both entertaining and thought-provoking. It succeeds in turning on the viewer not only with sexy women but also intelligent dialogue, artistic photography and superb acting.

In *Cafe Flesh*, following a nuclear war, 99% of the survivors are rendered impotent and are called "Sex Negatives." The remaining 1% are "Sex Positives" and by law are required to perform in sex shows in front of those who cannot partake. If Sex Negatives even attempt sex, they become violently ill, putting an end to casual dating. All they can do is remember how good it *used* to be before the war.

They come in droves to Cafe Flesh, where the onstage fucking and sucking is hosted by Maxmillian (Andrew Nichols), a warped emcee who delights in teasing his mutantlike audience. The main story revolves around two regular patrons, Nicki (Paul McGibboney) and Lana (Pia Snow). The twist comes when sexy Lana gives indications of being a closet Sex Positive. Her macho boyfriend Nicki is understandably upset over the prospect of his chick getting sex when he can't even get it up.

Adding to the production's spooky eroticism is the arrival of Angel (Marie Sharp), a *virgin* Sex Positive. Talk about rare finds. She's harassed by the emcee and a weaselly talent scout named Silky (Neil Podorecki). When the Enforcer (Robert Dennis), who presumably represents what's left of the government, finds out about Angel's virginity, she's forced to perform in the sex shows.

Meanwhile, Lana is getting turned on more and more, as evidenced by her cautious attempt at masturbation. Making

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT	Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT	Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
HALF ERECT	So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT	Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
TOTALLY LIMP	A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

As this ornamental nude girl shows, decadence abounds in 'Cafe Flesh.'

matters worse is a new Cafe attraction, a celebrity stud named Johnny Rico (Kevin Jay), whose ten-inch dong only taunts Lana further. Does she go over the edge and become a Sex Positive? You'll have to see the movie.

Except for Pia Snow, who appeared in *Bad Girls*, the performers in *Cafe Flesh* are not porn regulars. In fact, the only reason the movie didn't receive our highest rating is because of the limited number of hardcore scenes. Still, the cast's appeal is mind-boggling, perhaps due to the unusual science-fiction approach to sexuality.

The eerie sets and unforgettable collection of atomic crazies make this production cult material, not unlike *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Adult audiences will need an open mind to get hooked on *Cafe Flesh*, but such an original departure from the normal fare deserves attention. In these days of increased nuclear awareness, everyone should *fallout* to see *Cafe Flesh*. —*D. Y. S.*

Babe

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by John Christopher; written by Rick Marx; starring Bobbi Jackson, Samantha Fox, Ron Jeremy, Roderic Pierce, Tiffany Clark, George Payne, Veronica Hart, Patrice Trudeau and Lisa Be.

Using a fashion model as the main character in a porn movie is a good idea; models are generally beautiful and sexy. Fortunately, producer John Christopher was able to cast an actress who honestly *looks* like a model. Her name is Bobbi Jackson, and if you've ever dreamed of seeing a covergirl do naughty things without her clothes on, this film is just what the doctor ordered.

Jackson portrays Babe, New York City's hottest model, who is in line for an inheritance of millions of dollars—but only if she gets married within a month. Not being a fool, Babe proceeds to interview busloads of men to find an appropriate groom. The arrangement is to be strictly business, she insists, which means no fucking.

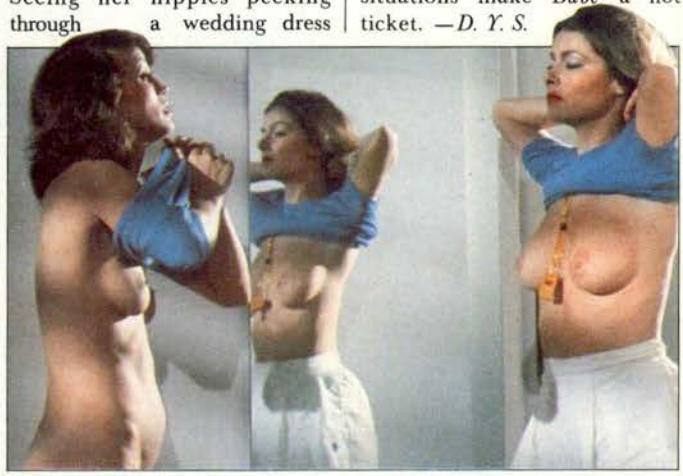
Babe's good fortune prompts her to quit modeling, throwing her agent Samantha Fox into near-bankruptcy. Fox schemes to get Babe in front of the camera again. One day she stumbles across an off-off Broadway actor, Chad Collins (Roderic Pierce), whose buffoonish behavior gives her a sly idea. Why not sabotage Babe's inheritance by having her marry a jerk like Chad, who dreams about producing Broadway's most expensive musical? Fox knows she's found the perfect pigeon for Babe.

With time running out, the heiress agrees to marry Chad. Seeing her nipples peeking through a wedding dress during the ceremony is quite a turn-on, but the reception is even better. With guests munching on cocktail franks, Babe finds a wienie of her own, taking an old boyfriend into a bedroom for a quickie. In the next room Chad is screwing a hopeful actress. Never has an open marriage started so early.

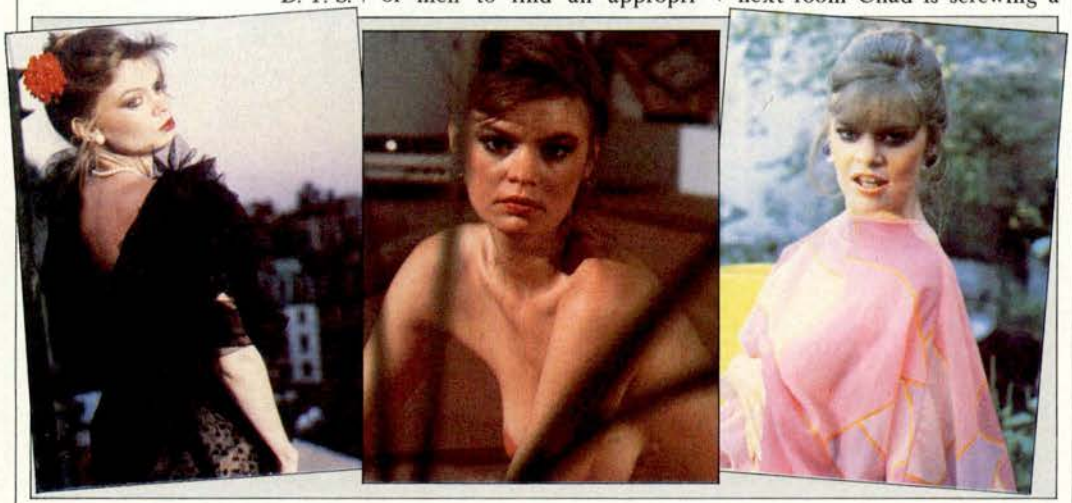
Chad plans his multimillion-dollar bomb while Babe gets bored sitting at home. There's no point in giving away the surprise ending, but suffice it to say Fox gets her way, and Chad and Babe find true love.

Babe is a lot of fun in a dumb sort of way. For one thing, the usually competent Ron Jeremy, who plays fashion photographer Roger Dambreuse, is rather distracting. His French accent is totally wrong, unless there's a city in France called "Brooklyn."

Still, the film captures that magical excitement of a Broadway opening. Bobbi Jackson and a nice variety of sexual situations make *Babe* a hot ticket. —*D. Y. S.*



Joggers Veronica Hart and Tiffany Clark cool down in 'Playgirl.'



The many faces of Bobbi Jackson, who portrays a top fashion model, add a seductive variety to 'Babe.'

The Playgirl

Half Erect. Produced by Robert Walters; directed and written by Roberta Findlay; starring Veronica Hart, Samantha Fox, Tiffany Clark, Bobby Astyr, R. Bolla, Candida Royalle, Merle Michaels, Sharon Cain, Ashley Moore, George Payne and Larry Trask.

Despite a decent serving of sex, *The Playgirl* is overburdened with sluggish dialogue and a story that's hard to swallow for an adult film. When a performer is screwing or getting screwed in practically every scene, it's hard enough to do any real "acting." Combine that with a wordy script, and it's easy to see why star Veronica Hart's performance is below her usual standard.

Actually, the movie is not badly done. It's just too close to being a bore.

'The Playgirl': Veronica Hart gets a handle on Larry Trask.

Hart portrays Laura, who spends her time launching the careers of male proteges. With her wealthy husband (Ashley Moore) paying the limo bills, Laura goes from one artist to another, making them into successes between fucking and sucking. As soon as the fellow can make it on his own, she loses interest and drops him like a hot potato. Carl gets off on his wife's conquests and even has Laura describe her extramarital affairs to him during sex. He's one understanding guy.

Laura's flock includes a rock star (Bobby Astyr) who's old enough to be Mick Jagger's father. Astyr's beatniklike behavior is utterly ridiculous. Seeing a Fifth Avenue socialite like Laura taking on a macho rock musician could have been the film's hottest part—had it been cast right.

The plot develops when David (R. Bolla), a lowly employee at Carl's publishing company, lets his secret crush on Laura become an obsession. The mild-mannered David writes a novel, hoping that the boss's wife will take him on as another protege. The manuscript does the trick.

The Playgirl does have one good thing going for it: Samantha Fox as an unpopular secretary at the publishing firm. Fox really shines, offering her best comedic acting in a long time. She'll do anything to get laid short of paying cash, but there are no takers. Fox finally gets it in the end—no pun intended—which is one of the film's few surprises.

With the exception of Samantha Fox, the players seem lethargic, with the ponderous script most likely at fault. *The Playgirl* is one movie that probably looked better on paper.

—D. Y. S.

Porky's

No HUSTLER Rating. Produced by Harold Greenberg and Melvin Simon; directed and written by Bob Clark; starring Scott Colomby, Kim Cattrall, Kaki Hunter, Nancy Parsons, Alex Karras, Susan Clark, Dan Monahan, Mark Herrier, Wyatt Knight, Roger Wilson, Tony Ganios and Chuck Mitchell.

The school rowdies get caught peeking into the girls' shower in 'Porky's.'

Porky's is more fun than a pig in a mud puddle. A story about six horny high-school buddies in 1954 Florida, it's naughty but good-natured. Those were the days before student movements, the Beatles and our current sexual freedom. Getting laid wasn't the prime concern of the gang in *Porky's*; it was their *only* concern.

Right away you know you're in for loads of laughs. One of the boys wakes up with a teenage hard-on stretching his pajamas like a pup tent . . . just when his mother walks in. With that to set the mood, we switch to Angel Beach High, where the six close pals play practical jokes and help Pee Wee (Dan Monahan) lose his virginity.

Early on is the sequence that's partly responsible for making the film a word-of-mouth hit: the girls'-shower scene. Billy (Mark Herrier), Tommy (Wyatt Knight) and Pee Wee gawk at the coeds through a small opening, getting the thrill of their lives. Seeing pussy for the first time, Pee Wee exclaims, "That's enough wool to knit a sweater!"

By the way, don't expect any *real* sex scenes in *Porky's*. These boys never get any further than copping a feel, but their voyeuristic exploits are almost as fun as the real thing.

Pee Wee insists the guys take him to Porky's, a redneck bar deep in the Everglades, where rumor has it you can buy sex from the strippers. Porky (Chuck Mitchell)—the brutal, obese owner—screws them out of their money, and the boys scoot home embarrassed. This prompts the gang to plot a revenge that will take the curl out of Porky's tail. What happens in the chaotic climax is as funny as *Animal House*.

The innocent sexual period depicted in *Porky's* makes the movie what it is: a raunchy, rowdy comedy about kids who were just kids. It's a perfect example of how promiscuous sex has found its way into so many of the current films aimed at young audiences. Save those video-game quarters and go back to the frivolous '50s. Treat yourself to *Porky's*. *—D. Y. S.*

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Thousand and One Erotic Nights
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
8 to 4
Exhausted
Foxtrot
Indecent Exposure
Never So Deep
Nightdreams
Nothing to Hide
Outlaw Ladies
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Dancers

Three-Quarters Erect

American Desire
Beauty
Between the Sheets
Centerspread Girls
Country Comfort
Delicious
Extreme Close-up
Garage Girls
Peaches and Cream
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Urban Cowgirls
Wild Dallas Honey

Half Erect

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment
Centerfold Fever
Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Roommates
Seven Seductions of Madame Lau
Skin on Skin
Skintight
The Filthy Rich
The Tiffany Minx
Trashi

One-Quarter Erect

Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood
Fireworks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Hot Dallas Nights
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Naughty Network
The Seductress

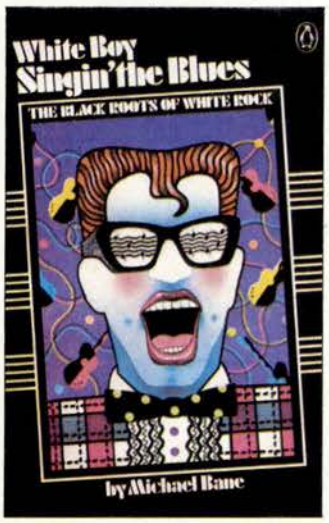
BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

White Boy Singin' the Blues

By Michael Bane; Penguin Books, 625 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022; $5.95.

It is said that in the old Hawaiian language there is no word for "weather." There's just *rain* and *wind* and so on, but the Islands' weather just doesn't change enough to call for a word of its own. As Michael Bane points out, there are African tribes that have no word for "music." Music is, to the white cultures, something to be appreciated, enjoyed, "consumed," he says, like any other



commodity. But to the African it's part of life—like digging, cooking and making all kinds of magic. They don't live *with* music. They *live* it.

This is the whole thrust of Michael Bane's book *White Boy Singin' the Blues: The Black Roots of White Rock*. (Incidentally, Bane has contributed articles to HUSTLER since August 1976, including this month's interview with white supremacist David Duke, beginning on page 34.)

Almost every rock book and biography that has crossed this desk tells of great rock stars who, as little kids, grew up to the sound of black music, or were inspired by performers who did. And certainly you have noticed the similarity between the black accent and the vocal sound of English groups.

The temptation is to conclude that white musicians stole black music and, more often than not, made a pretty penny out of it. Bane says forcefully that this just ain't so. "The great waves in popular music," he writes, "have come from the often-bitter, always-cataclysmic smashing of black against white." In other words, it is the continuous confrontation between the black and white cultures that shapes today's music, not the robbery of one style from the other.

Bane isn't exposing injustice and especially isn't calling for "equality," whatever that is. White himself, he's trying to tell whites where black music comes from. And that doesn't mean the cotton fields of the Deep South; it means the gut, the heart and the soul.

Particularly, it refers to that "something" which goes back through the generations to cultures that lived the music they made. Bane is calling for an understanding and acknowledgment of that, and he does it without putting down the white musician one bit.

The author is soaked to the toenails with knowledge of rock and the blues, and his book is full of fascinating anecdotes about where it all began and what it has done for us all. Read *White Boy Singin' the Blues*—it's a good one.

Two powerful photos in 'Nicaragua' capture a burning body (above) and a dismembered victim (below).

Nicaragua

By Susan Meiselas; Pantheon Books, 201 E. 50th St., New York, NY 10022; $11.95.

This is one powerful, shattering book. The fact that Susan Meiselas got these pictures without getting her ass shot off is a miracle. The fact that they are of such extraordinary quality is even more of a miracle.

Here—amid the fighting and dying, the fury and terror, the mourning and triumph—is the story of a people willing to win their struggle or die trying. They won. But many died. Eleanor Roosevelt once wrote that nobody can be repressed without his permission. The people who became the rebels in Nicaragua reached a point where they wouldn't give that permission anymore.

Something happened early this year that puzzled a lot of us. Nicaragua called an emergency meeting of the U.N. Security Council to report its fears that the United States was about to invade the Central American country. A few minutes with the chronology in the back of this book explains why Nicaraguans are so antsy.

In 1909 the U.S.-backed government agreed to a permanent American military presence, and our Marines were stationed there right up to 1933. Nicaraguans are not anxious for a repeat. In 1979 they kicked out the repressive Somoza family, which had ruled the nation for four decades.

These photographs change history from cold facts, dates and statistics to something very real, very bloody, very agonizing. But words are next to

useless in conveying all the elements of a Third World rebellion. The pictures are what make *Nicaragua* powerful. They're all in color, emphasizing not so much battle, but the people who fought, those who suffered and those tragically caught in the middle.

Don't just read this book—absorb it.

'Ludes

By Benjamin Stein; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010; $12.95.

This novel (if it is a novel) . . .

That's the only way to begin a review of *'Ludes*. Stein's writing is so accurate, he leads you to believe he's spent his entire life commuting the 325 miles between the tranquil town of Santa Cruz, California, and the decadent streets of Hollywood. His people are so convincing, you come out of the book feeling as if you were actually there in person all the way through.

This is not the Hollywood of films and starlets. It deals with something else—the high-flash, glossy, big-money boys who play their version of Monopoly with real streets and real houses, hotels and shopping malls. Stein knows this territory too; all the mechanics of tax shelters and property trading are here.

At first the villain of the story seems to be 'ludes—methaqualone, also known as Quaaludes.

'Nicaragua': A charred corpse is gathered for burial (above), and not even the children are spared the horrors of political violence (below).

It's easy to blame a chemical in the destruction of good people, but it isn't 'ludes or heroin or uppers or downers that destroy. It's taking them that destroys. Or rather, it's *having* to take them that destroys. It's being the kind of person who, instead of striving for what he thinks is real accomplishment, real happiness, real love, simply wants a mind-altering chemical.

For such people, wanting and getting the chemical is what it's all about; everything else is abandoned. And all the while the victim kids himself that this is only temporary. When reality emerges, and he can kid himself no longer, he just takes another 'lude.

If he can get one.

Tragedy isn't just a sad tale; it is an account of inevitability. If ever you'll read a story of inevitability, a true tragedy for the '80s, *'Ludes* is it. And my compliments to Benjamin Stein. He writes one hell of a tragedy.

Kerry

By Clifford Linedecker with Michael and Maureen Ryan; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010; $12.95.

When Kerry Ryan was born, her right arm was bent back like a chicken wing, and her fingers were in the wrong place. In the ensuing months and years, her missing rectum was replaced, and the plastic bag was removed from her side. Kerry's heart had a hole in it, and the girl nearly died during corrective surgery. In addition, she has duplicate sex organs, which will someday be fixed.

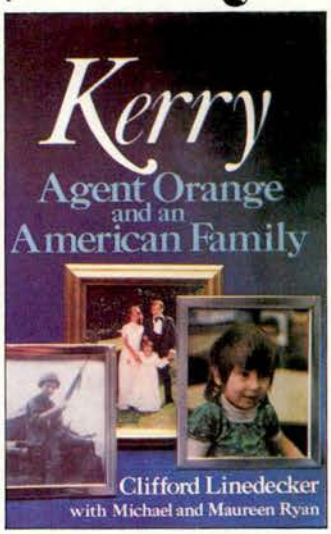
If you're a parent of such a child, if you and your parents have been enslaved financially for years with the burden of such successive operations, the tendency is to blame yourself. It was therefore comforting in a way when Michael and Maureen Ryan—Kerry's parents—gradually became aware that they were not alone; that many Vietnam-era vets and their children were living a nightmare because of exposure to the defoliant Agent Orange.

Thousands of gallons of this stuff were sprayed on vegetation in Nam. In fact, a C-123 aircraft could cover a strip 80 yards wide and ten miles long in four minutes. A few days later you had a wasteland.

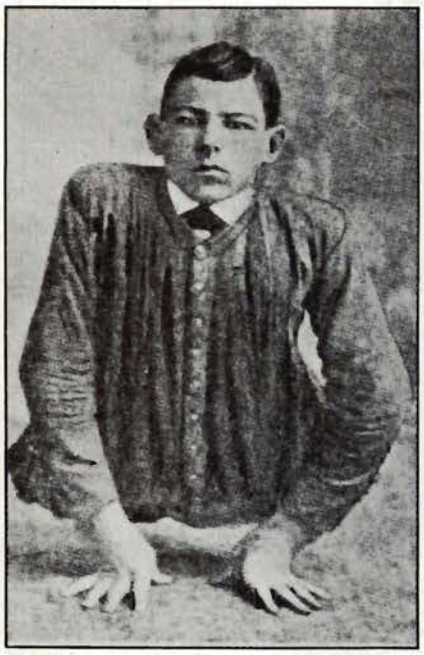
It wasn't until five years after Agent Orange's first use that dioxin (one of its components) was found to be toxic, and the spraying was discontinued. By that time, thousands of GIs had been exposed to the chemical. Some suffered immediately: skin lesions, nausea, headaches, depression. Then birth defects began to appear in Vietnam veterans' offspring.

It is only recently that the affected vets have been able to bring this horror story to the attention of the authorities. In October 1981 HUSTLER profiled the late Jim Hopkins, a Marine private whose life was shattered by exposure to Agent Orange. But it is still an uphill fight; a lot of people in government don't want to hear.

Kerry: Agent Orange and an American Family is the true story of a patriotic kid and the girl he married just before shipping out, and of their ordeal in the years since his return. The courage and loyalty of Michael Ryan's wife and the couple's parents is a wonder.



YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES!



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Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

CONTRACEPTION: THE MALE ROLE

by Margot Joan Fromer

Len and Julie have ended another evening without sex. Their ongoing argument about birth control has turned making love into making war. Tonight, like every night, Julie insists her husband wear a condom, which he refuses to do. She snaps, "If you don't want to use a rubber, forget it! I'm through taking all the responsibility for not getting pregnant." Len and Julie are not alone; such bickering can be heard in countless bedrooms across America.

Len's wife might think the condom is the only effective male contraceptive available, but that's not true. The safe and reliable option of a vasectomy is one that can't be overlooked. And the next decade will offer guys even more contraceptive choices. Of course, men will also be subject to risks similar to those faced by women.

Right now male contraception is fairly safe. Apart from "spoiling the mood" once in a while, condoms cause no side effects. That trusty ol' Trojan is conveniently simple and generally danger-free. (A few men suffer an allergic reaction to the substance used in making sheaths, but this can usually be remedied by switching brands.)

As for vasectomies, 75% of all men who undergo the procedure suffer no ill effects. It's a myth that vasectomies cause impotence; if a man can't get it up after the operation, the reason lies between his ears, not in his crotch. The cost for a vasectomy? About $350.

According to recent research, the other 25% of vasectomy cases face the increased risk of arteriosclerosis (an abnormal hardening of the arteries), particularly if these men have a family history of cardiovascular problems. But not everyone agrees with these findings. Dr. Frederick J. Frensilli, a clinical professor of urology at George Washington University, doesn't believe arteriosclerosis is definitely a side effect, but he admits more study is called for.

Some researchers, however, say that vasectomies are almost completely risk-free. Since a *half-million* men are vasectomized in the United States each year, there's a sizable sample from which to draw research subjects. *Urology Survey* reports that after 15 years of controlled studies in humans, no significant difference has been found in the general health of men who've had vasectomies and those who haven't.

But the vasectomy hasn't become more widely accepted because of the concern about never being able to have children again should one change his mind. Luckily, this drawback is no longer the problem it once was.

Right now nothing can stand in the way of reversible vasectomies' becoming the number-one male-contraceptive method. For those men who don't like the emotionally uncomfortable permanence of a vasectomy, the "two-layer reversal technique" is the answer. Dr. Frensilli describes this type of reversal as "eminently successful"; that is, in nine out of ten men there is sufficient number of viable sperm to impregnate a woman. The pregnancy rate is only about 50%-70%, but that's only because not every woman can get pregnant.

Dr. Frensilli says the reversal operation is relatively simple. The vas deferens, the tube that carries the sperm to the urethra, consists of a mucous-membrane inner layer and a muscular outer layer. Frensilli, who uses a surgical microscope during the procedure, first locates the unattached part of the tube. Then he reconnects the two open ends after cutting away the portions seared in the original vasectomy. He repeats this on the other side because each testicle has its own intricate tubal system.

The surgery takes only two to three hours, but the patient is advised to stay overnight in the hospital or go straight home to bed. He should rest for the next few days and have no sex for four weeks. Otherwise, the immediate effects and potential complications are about the same as apply for a vasectomy. Some men experience no more than a little soreness while others feel outright pain, which can be relieved by aspirin. About six weeks later the patient returns to the doctor, masturbates into a bottle and finds out if the sperm are getting through.

James Moody (not his real name), a 20-year-old father of two children at the time, agreed to have a vasectomy because his first wife couldn't use the Pill or an IUD. By the time Moody was 29, he'd remarried, and he and his new wife wanted to have a child together. He heard about the reversal procedure and contacted Dr. Frensilli.

A short time later, Moody underwent the operation and was released from the hospital the next day. Even though he had an erection while still in the hospital, he experienced "not one bit of

Illustration by Christopher Corey

pain." He thinks it was because he always wore a snug jockstrap that kept his penis and balls from swinging around. Now it's only a matter of time before he becomes a father again.

Dr. Frensilli cautions that although vasectomies are now reversible, a man should not have one unless he intends it to be permanent. Since even such minor surgery as this carries a certain risk, reversal should be done only for a legitimate reason.

The most exciting news is experimentation on a male hormonal contraceptive similar in many ways to the woman's Pill. It will mean tough decisions on the part of men and no doubt spark much debate about which sex should take responsibility in selecting what appear to be identical methods of birth control.

A synthetic hormone that seems highly promising, claims Dr. Gabriel Bialy of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, is known as luteinizing hormone. Commonly referred to as LHRH, it causes the testicles to stop producing sperm.

The hormone does a lot of nasty things as well. Male research subjects have become impotent and lost all interest in sex. Dr. Bialy maintains that most of these negative side effects can be counteracted by adding the male sex hormone testosterone to the dose of LHRH. Thus, he proposes to "fix" one substance's side effect by adding yet another, possibly dangerous ingredient.

The well-respected *New England Journal of Medicine* published results of a clinical trial of LHRH at Vanderbilt University. The hormone was administered daily to eight healthy men. From the seventh to the 18th week, sperm production fell to between zero and 30% of what is considered normal for fertile males. The ability of the sperm to swim up the woman's reproductive tract also diminished—a sperm can't penetrate an egg if it can't reach it.

However, after four weeks, testosterone and gonadotropin levels began to drop in the test subjects. Both these substances are required for sperm production *and* for the retention of masculine characteristics. As a result, five of the eight men became impotent, and all lost their sex drives. Luckily, after the injections of LHRH stopped, these side effects disappeared within 14 weeks. Clearly, LHRH poses certain risks.

Another method being tested is a nasal spray that contains LHRH. The spray would temporarily inhibit sperm production in males and ovulation in females, but it too is subject to the same side effects mentioned above.

There's no point in having a male hormonal contraceptive that causes impotence and loss of masculine features. And we can only imagine the difficulties in gaining approval from the Food and Drug Administration. Remember, all the serious side effects of female birth-control pills that have come to light over the years weren't even considered at the time the Pill was being developed.

Obviously, male hormonal contraception is a welcome idea, but it's a difficult one to accept in real terms. Many men who've heard their wives and lovers discuss the ramifications of the Pill might not be so eager to face similar problems. Dr. Bialy thinks it will be another two to three years "before we begin to have a much better feel for the use of these materials for a male Pill." It could be five to ten more years before the FDA grants its approval.

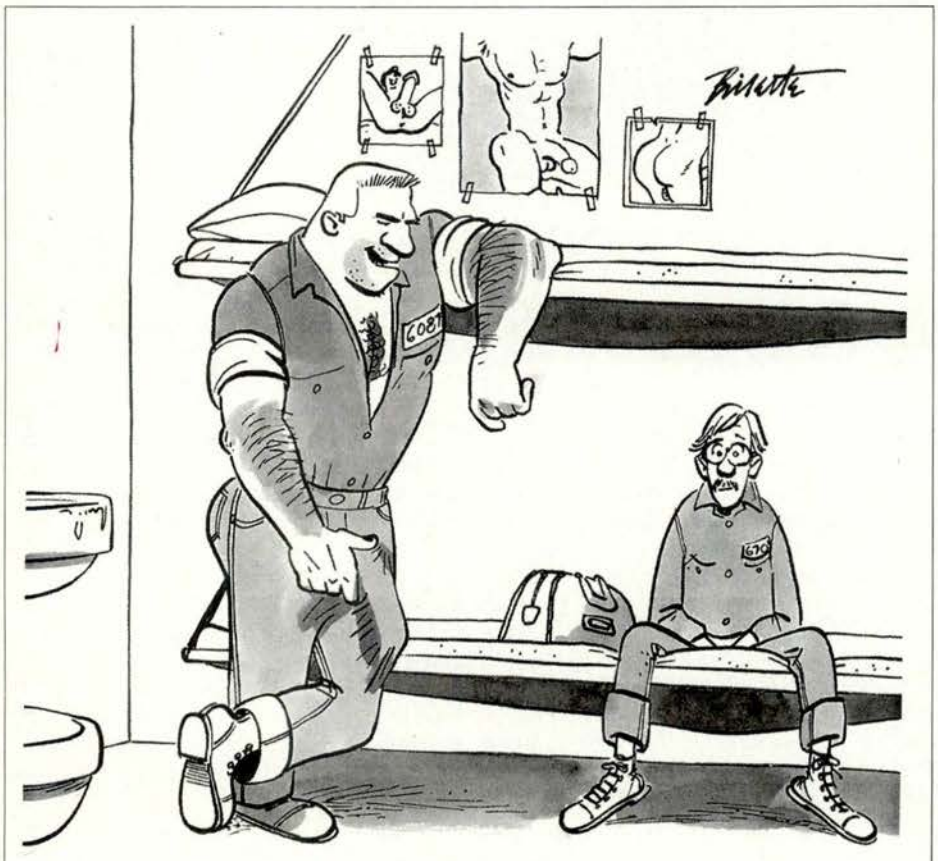
Numerous other contraceptive methods are in the developmental stage. For instance, a study in China with nearly 5,000 men showed that gossypol, a derivative of cottonseed oil, is 99% effective in preventing sperm production. The other good news is fertility returns to normal about three months after treatment is ended.

Books and magazine articles abound with such newfangled methods, which are still far from being proved. But surely nothing could be more convenient than a pill a man can pop in his mouth. No more complaining wives or girlfriends shackled with the burden of birth control. And no more fears about knocking up a casual date and paying for it later.

Unlike the healthy female, who is fertile only for a portion of her sexual cycle, the potent male produces viable sperm continuously. It requires a *permanent* chemical imbalance to suppress that process. As John Chesterman and Michael Marten write in their book *Man to Man*, "The problem is finding a precise-enough hormone dosage, like a selective weed killer, to render the sperm infertile without producing drastic side effects."

In these days of sexual equality the male population can no longer sit back and thoughtlessly assume that their female partners have "taken care of everything." Fortunately, progress is being made. The comforting fact that vasectomies can be successfully reversed is a step in the right direction, with hormonal research not far behind.

Couples like Len and Julie will be fighting about birth-control responsibility for years to come. But Len's hopeless predicament will eventually become a thing of the past. HUSTLER will strive to keep our male *and* female readers informed of the latest developments. In the meantime, fuck carefully.



"I'm doin' life for homosexual rape and murder. What're you in for?"

"Take two buckets of cold water and call me in the morning."

HUSTLER INTERVIEW:

DAVID DUKE

IS THE WHITE RACE DOOMED?

It is winter in New Orleans, and a muggy chill lurks over the Louisiana city. David Duke pulls his windbreaker tighter as he makes his way into the French Quarter in search of beer and raw oysters. Later, while being seated at a famous restaurant, he leans over and taps his companion on the arm, pointing to a couple at a nearby table. "I guess I'll never get used to it," Duke drawls, a shade too loud. The attractive young girl is white; her friend is black.

At the age of 32, David Duke is probably the best-known racist in America. From 1975 to 1979 he headed the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, organizing that despised hate group's stunning comeback. The Klan was largely a fading memory by the end of the 1960s, a nightmare from the bad old days. But after graduating from Louisiana State University, Duke saw in the Klan's ashes the embryo of a far-more-powerful organization that would appeal to the college crowd, young executives on the move and impressionable high-school students.

At first, Duke's plans were laughed off by the media. The laughing stopped when they became spectacularly successful. All of a sudden Duke seemed to be everywhere—being interviewed by Barbara Walters and Phil Donahue on network television, making the rounds of early-morning talk shows, appearing before thunderous crowds of a newer but no-less-bigoted Klan.

One writer described the handsome, hip and articulate Duke as "the Klan's answer to Paul Newman." When the white supremacist opened his mouth, however, he became much more than just another pretty face. His disarming personal appeal was a potent weapon, backed up by a seeming sense of reason rather than hang-blacks-by-the-noose fanaticism. Interviewers who tried to debate with the young Klan spokesman usually lost. Duke was and is a voracious reader with a prodigious memory and a seductive point of view. The same, of course, could be said for Adolf Hitler.

Surprisingly, at the height of his power in 1980, he left the Klan to establish the National Association for the Advancement of White People (NAAWP)—a Klan clone minus the KKK's penchant for violence. To find out why and to determine the thrust of the 3,000-member group, HUSTLER sent frequent contributor Michael Bane to meet with Duke in New Orleans.

"The lower floor of an old suburban house on Cypress Street serves as NAAWP headquarters," Bane reports. "Duke's office is cluttered with everything from a substantial library documenting the inferiority of blacks to a Victor computer that handles a 10,000-name mailing list of supporters. The small staff works with the fervor of the truly dedicated: for long hours and at low pay.

"The charismatic Duke bounces around the room, proudly flipping through the NAAWP News, a monthly publication that indiscriminately puts down blacks, Mexicans, Jews and other minority groups. The News also runs a mail-order section offering patriotic books, leaflets, American and Confederate flag patches, and NAAWP T-shirts.

"Duke is an accomplished interview subject; he's heard it all before, and he's well prepared. At various times during the question-and-answer session—conducted over a three-day period—Duke would get increasingly agitated, rocking back and forth in his chair. 'Just ask me a direct question,' he'd challenge. 'I can answer it.'"

As you'll see, Bane did just that.

BY MICHAEL BANE

HUSTLER: You were regarded as the Klan's Great White Hope, a man with a mission to lead that organization to national respectability. Why did you leave such a challenging situation?

DUKE: When I first took over, I figured we could build up the Klan by carefully screening people so our group could more resemble the original Klan—which was led by doctors, lawyers, judges, and officers from the Confederate Army. I hoped we could change the media image of the typical Klansman—the ignorant, toothless, gun-toting hatemonger talking about race war. Eventually I came to realize there was no way I was going to change that image. The media was too powerful. I also realized how nonviolent I was. I condemned violent activities when I was in the Klan, and I still do. Finally, I wanted to devote more time to discussing important issues. With the NAAWP, people can listen to the issues without visualizing the stereotypical Klansman.

HUSTLER: What are some of these issues?

DUKE: Let's start with immigration. In 1981 we had at least a million illegal aliens enter this country; that's a low estimate. Another 750,000 legal aliens came in. Over 90% of both these groups are nonwhite. Every additional person is going to mean a little lower standard of living for the rest of us. Every new immigrant adds to our crime problems, our welfare rolls and unemployment of American citizens.

In two or three years the majority in our most-populous state—California—is expected to be nonwhite. That's incredible. It is said that whites will eventually be-

Photo by Jim Cresson

come a minority in Texas. New Mexico is literally becoming a *new* Mexico. We are being invaded in the Southwest as if a foreign army were coming over the border.

The Mexican immigrants in these states are of the lowest social strata. Their future political impact as voters will be tremendous. They will certainly strengthen the leftist power block. They're going to vote for legislation that will take more and more hard-earned money away from the productive middle class in the form of taxes and social programs. They're going to vote for weak law enforcement, as every minority group has done in this country. Because they're on a lower rung of the ladder, they're going to be voting for more welfare. This massive immigration will change the face of American politics.

HUSTLER: Have you read the inscription on the base of the Statue of Liberty?

DUKE: Sure I have. It reads: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me: I lift my lamp beside the golden door." But that was in 1885. I've got my own version, which reflects what's happening in 1982: "Give me the wretched refuse of your teeming shores, the bones, the scabs, the whores; anything that can walk, crawl or make it by U.N. flight; anything, that is, but a healthy, intelligent man who is white."

We're getting the wretched refuse of the teeming shore—Cuban refugees. Castro bragged how he was sending us the dumb and the criminal element. He wasn't kidding. They've committed countless murders. They've even started murdering some of their local sponsors. Look at Miami's crime statistics.

There's been a 100% increase since we let all those Cubans in last year. Half of them were blacks who had been imprisoned for all sorts of violent crimes. Those immigrants will cost the federal government $13 billion in the next ten years. They get more money on welfare than they made working in Cuba. Because of their high birthrate, there's no telling what their offspring will cost us.

The massive birthrate among minorities is getting out of hand. The Mexican birthrate in this country is five times that of white people; the black birthrate is four times larger. America will become a Third World nation if these trends continue. Unless we slow down and cut off immigration by beefing up border control and encourage welfare recipients to have fewer kids, the white population in America will be swamped.

HUSTLER: What are your views on welfare?

"I'm a busy man! I don't have time for that stalking nonsense!"

DUKE: I have no objections to the idea of direct welfare payments or food stamps. I see no problem in society's saying, "Now here's a person, he's out of a job, he's sick, he's hurt, he needs sustenance for himself and his family." But I don't believe in throwing money down a rathole. I'm certainly against welfare as a self-perpetuating institution. We spend ten times more on welfare today than we did in the early '60s. We spend 20 times what we did in the late '50s.

The reason is simple: Welfare recipients produce kids like they were coming off an assembly line. In many areas the system is structured so they're encouraged to have more kids. A lot of these welfare-ites are not concerned that the kid is going to cost them more money. Their only thought is, "The check's going to be bigger if I have another one." Having children is almost a business for a lot of these people. The public should not have to pay for their illegitimate offspring or for their soaring birthrates.

HUSTLER: How would you reduce the birthrate?

DUKE: The first step would be to tell them, "Look, if you agree to accept the public dole, then you have to agree not to have any children—to use contraceptive methods." You make a legal contract with them. Then I would offer them cash incentives to have fewer children; the longer they go without bearing a child, the bigger their welfare check. If they have a child, the check is reduced. This could save us billions of dollars, because in a lifetime each welfare recipient literally receives hundreds of thousands of dollars in benefits. Finally, there'd be cash bonuses for sterilization—money that could make their lives more comfortable.

HUSTLER: That sounds like something right out of Nazi Germany.

DUKE: I realize sterilization is a buzzword. But more people today are being sterilized as a birth-control method than those who take the Pill. The greatest percentage of those who get sterilized are college graduates. So our most-productive people are being sterilized, while the least-productive welfare-ites (many of whom are feebleminded and practically in a state of mental retardation) have a multitude of children.

HUSTLER: Simply stated, what is the philosophy of the National Association for the Advancement of White People?

DUKE: We don't believe that America can continue to exist unless the white race remains the primary element in our society. Most white people reading this probably live in a predominately white community. Because they work with

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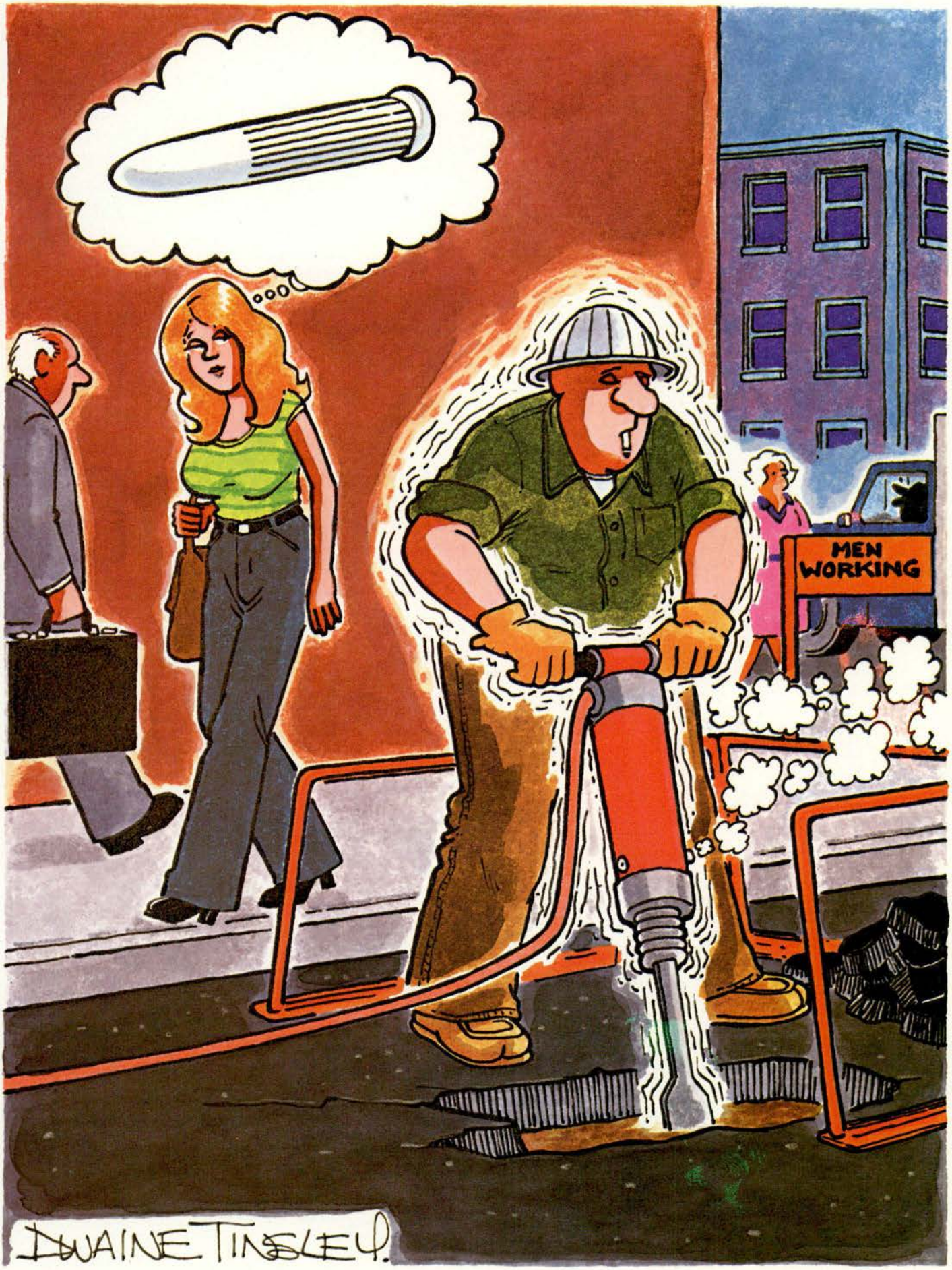
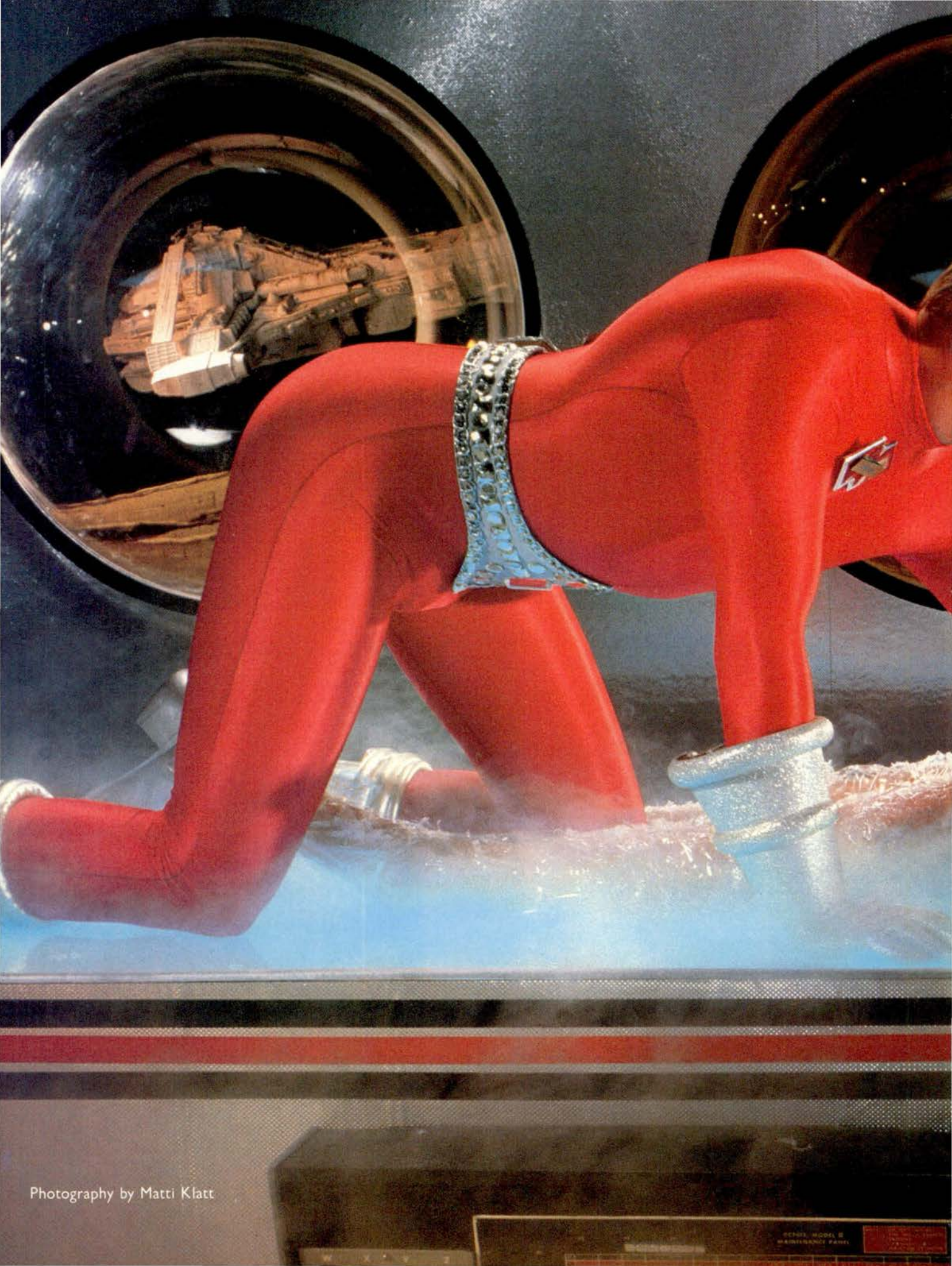

MEN
WORKING
DUAINE TINSLEY



Photography by Matti Klatt

MOON
MADE

The lonely space traveler could no longer resist the temptation of the frozen female body that was his cargo. Though his instructions were to deliver her untouched to a colony on the moon, his earthly sexual urges were stronger than his sense of duty. With the controls set for "thaw," the space-bound beauty came to life. As the astronaut rubbed her warming body, he could feel her desire swell under her smooth, white flesh. Like Sleeping Beauty, she was grateful to the man who had awakened her, but she needed much more than a kiss. For hours their hungry bodies ravished each other until both lay exhausted.

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MAINTENANCE STATUS
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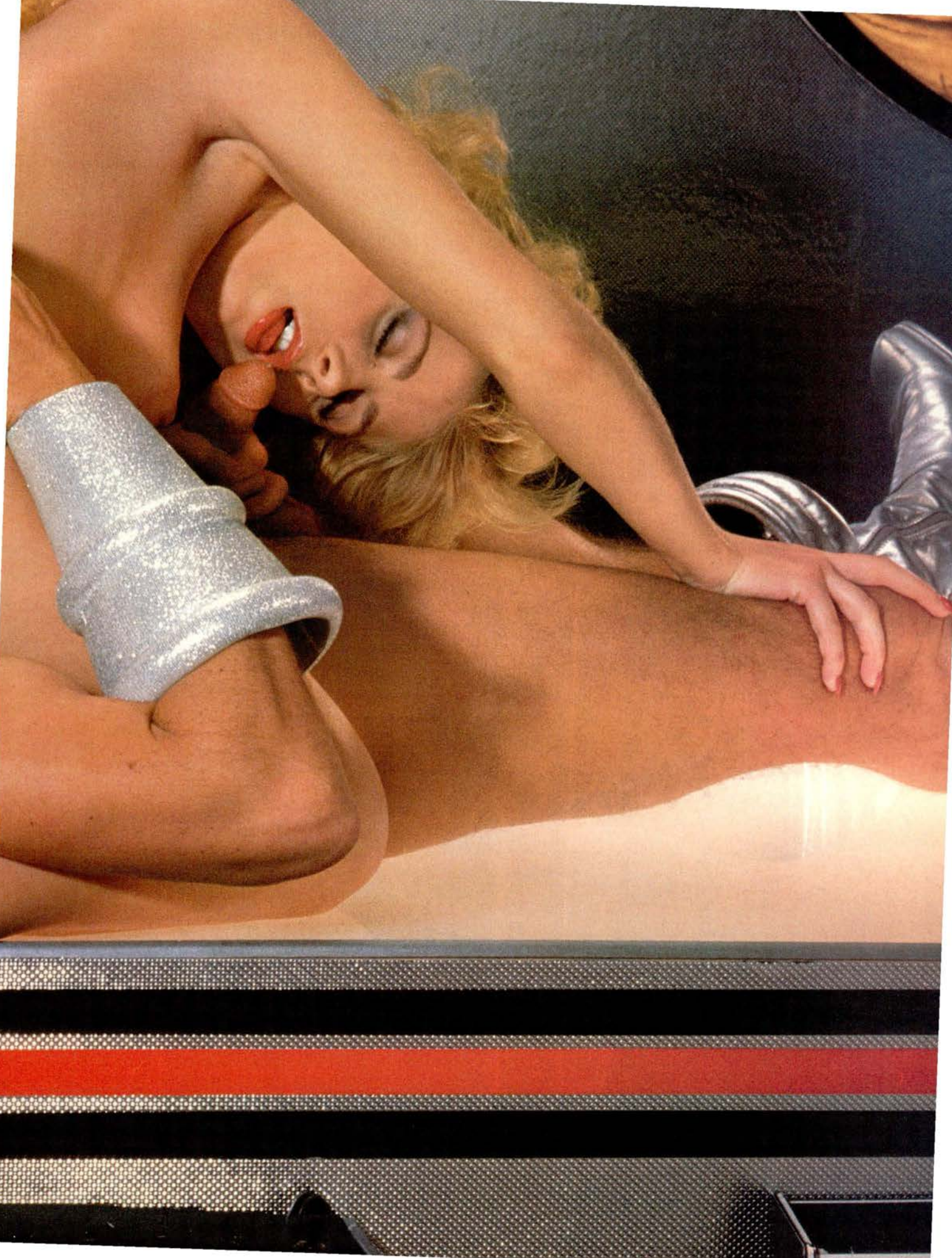

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whites and go to school primarily with whites, they don't realize the increasing "minority-ization" of our country. They're not aware of the massive influx of nonwhite aliens. They don't know about the tremendously high birthrates among minority groups.

If you want to see the future of this country, the way things are going now, check out a local public hospital. In Los Angeles you'll see it's almost all Mexican and black. In New Orleans it's mostly black. In New York it's Puerto Rican and black. In Miami it's Cuban and black. Count the pink babies; then count the brown and black babies.

Martin Luther King once had a dream that white, black, yellow and red kids would walk hand in hand. In a way I can share his dream. But the way things are presently going, that dream will be impossible—because there won't be any more white kids.

HUSTLER: Did you respect Dr. King?

DUKE: Not very much. I think he was a Marxist. This might sound strange, but I respected Malcolm X. He preached that blacks should be proud of their own people. If I were a black like Malcolm, I'd also want to stick up for my culture and way of life. But unlike King, I wouldn't try to impose myself on whites by mixing with them.

HUSTLER: How do you respond when people label you a racist?

DUKE: If you look up that word in the dictionary, you'll find a racist is a person who hates others and wants to oppress others. In that sense I'm not a racist. In the sense that I want to perpetuate and love my own race, then I am certainly a racist. But so are members of every other ethnic group.

HUSTLER: Have you ever slept with a black woman?

DUKE: *No!*

HUSTLER: Would you consider it?

DUKE: No.

HUSTLER: Why not?

DUKE: I don't find them attractive. When I was visiting Southeast Asia, I didn't even sleep with a *yellow* woman. I just don't believe it would be right or moral.

HUSTLER: In your view are blacks inferior to whites?

DUKE: No, but there are certain basic differences. When you use blanket terms like "inferiority" and "superiority," you have to say in what regard.

HUSTLER: Okay. Do you think blacks are less intelligent than whites in terms of IQ?

DUKE: Sure. The average white and black have markedly different IQs; maybe 15 to 20 points separate the two. I've also heard the argument that blacks are much more intelligent than the lowest whites. But there are gorillas in this country with IQs of 90, higher than many people. That does not make gorillas and people the same.

Saying one person is inferior to another in terms of their intelligence isn't saying they are inferior human beings. It just means they have a different orientation. If you ask me whether blacks are as well suited as whites in a modern technological society of the Western variety, the answer is no. Yet some of their characteristics are superior.

HUSTLER: What are those?

DUKE: The average black probably has more ability for playing basketball than the average white. Blacks also play soul music better than whites do. But this does not make whites inferior any more than it makes blacks inferior because they can't compete as well on IQ tests. See what I'm saying?

Ask the average black if he thinks blacks make better running backs than whites in the National Football League. He'll say yes, by far. Whites will probably acknowledge that fact. But try to acknowledge that most whites make better attorneys and better nuclear physicists than blacks, and you'll be branded a racist and a bigot.

Incidentally, about half of those who signed the Declaration of Independence owned slaves. Their writings show that most of them didn't believe in a true equality of the races. Thomas Jefferson himself wrote, "Nature, opinion and habit have drawn indelible lines of distinction between the white and black races that can never be erased."

HUSTLER: How would you react if one of your grown-up daughters brought home a black man and said, "This is who I want to spend my life with"?

DUKE: I'd be terribly disappointed. But I don't think I'll have that problem because I'm making sure my children get both sides of the race-mixing issue. If it did happen, I'd attempt in every way possible to sway her. I'd explain to my girl that she carries in her genes thousands of years of the development of our people. Her genetic heritage is a possession more valuable than perhaps anything she may ever have. To mix her blood with a different race would be throwing away all those traditions and values she carries within herself.

HUSTLER: Is the prospect of mixing races really that dangerous?

DUKE: You bet it is. Here's a perfect example. In the ancient caste system of India the lowest human was the mixed-breed Untouchable. The highest was the

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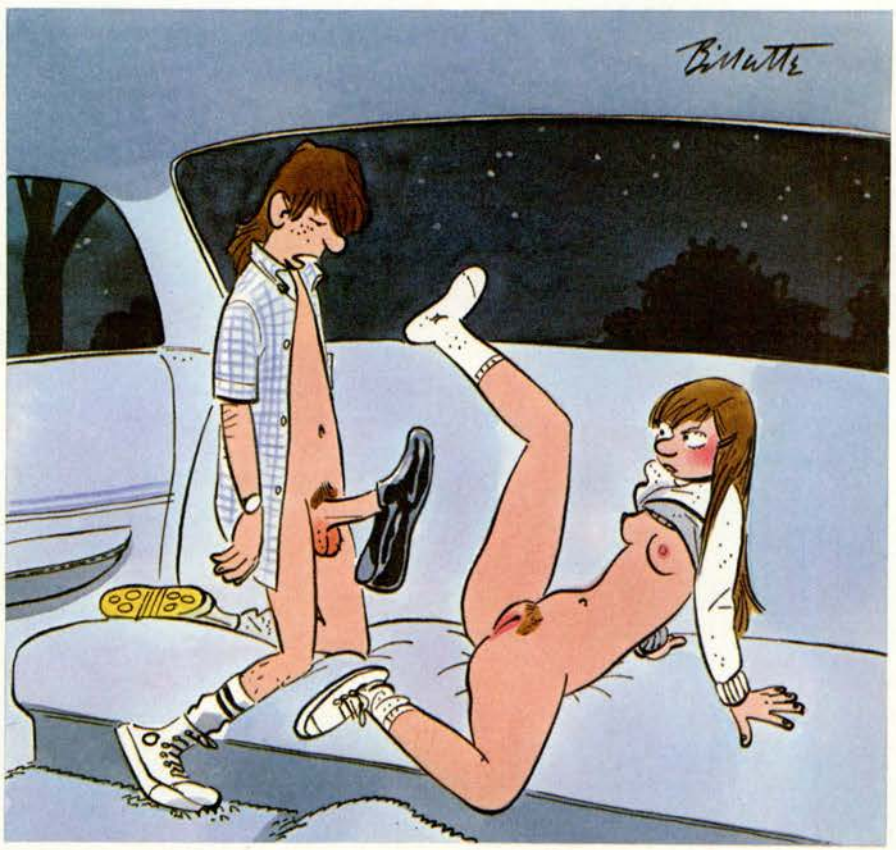

"Gee, Debby, I don't know how my dad uses these things."

The World's Most Erotic

FETISH WEAR

Some men like to dress up as women. Some women like to dress up as little girls. And then some people prefer to dress up like studded snow tires. This is for them . . . and for those of you interested in how the kinky half lives. All items can be ordered from Centurians (P.O. Box AE, Westminster, CA 92683). Availability is submissive to change.

△ *The latex corselet at left comes in red or black, with gloves to match. The lady at right is bound to please, wearing a ball-gag "trainer" and high-rise latex girdle with matching hose.*

This total latex look is achieved by ▷ *combining a cut-out breast corselet with gloves and hose of the same color. Dress your lady in this, and you're sure to "rubber" the right way.*

△ How about a flesh-tinted latex corset topped off with matching extra-long latex gloves and stockings?

△ No latex hood is complete without a metal riding bit like the ones used on horses. The leather, studded waist harness has locking wrist cuffs. Rawhide reins are extra.

△ Latex leotards with lacing on the arms and sides, and zipper in front. Perfect for dance, play or just hanging around.

△ The Juliette latex discipline mask is versatile enough for most any gag. The latex corselet is highlighted by a waist belt and matching cuffs and collar.

The Opera ▷ Pump. Not for long distances.

What's new in dildo pants? ▷ This model has a lifelike solid rubber penis built right into it! You can forget about loose straps and floppy dongs forever! The leather-covered ping-pong paddle helps set the mood.

Her ball gag is red, her collar ▷ is spiked, and her studded chastity belt is padlocked. It's mauler time.

△ Here's an item for the anal do-it-yourself nut. A combination black cowhide chastity belt/butt plug. No wonder the cows hide.

◁ Idle hands lead to trouble. That's a good reason to use these nifty hand-bondage cuffs. More comfortable than handcuffs, prettier than rope.

△ This latex jumpsuit laces up the front and on arms and legs. Don't get jumped without it.

(continued from page 48)

Brahman, the warrior-priest who was pure white. Even though they had strong laws against going across caste lines, sexual urges got the better of them, and over a long period the conqueror began to mix with the conquered. As the racial faces of the country changed, the culture and values changed. India was a magnificent nation when it was Aryan. It's not the same anymore. You've got millions of people starving, rampant corruption in government, and terrible diseases that ravage the children.

HUSTLER: What is your position on busing schoolchildren to provide them with an integrated education?

DUKE: Like most people in this country, I'm opposed to busing—which is really a nicer-sounding word for forced integration. Half a million young white kids are bused into black ghettos where cops won't even go without shotguns in the backseat. A white businessman or white liberal with a flat tire in those areas practically pisses in his pants. Yet we send little white boys and girls there.

And what do the black kids in these schools think? They grow up on a litany of TV programs showing white people beating and stabbing blacks and raping their grandmothers. So naturally, when the white schoolchildren arrive, the black kids take out their hatred and bitterness on them. If you're looking for any dramatic TV series talking about what happens to white children in black schools—the real terror they go through and the educational mediocrity—you're going to have to wait till hell freezes over. Busing is causing racial tension because it's trying to create an artificial brotherhood between the races.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about Affirmative Action, the government programs that give black people a better chance at jobs, promotions and educational opportunities?

DUKE: Affirmative Action is patently unfair to better-qualified whites who are working and studying harder. Instead of calling these programs discrimination on the basis of race—which is exactly what they are—the government tries to justify the practice by calling it *affirmative* action. It's kind of like hearing the doctor say, "I've got good news for you, Joe. You have affirmative syphilis."

In education you have scholarship programs only for blacks—many of them funded by white taxpayers' money. Many scholarships that are supposedly available for everyone offer blacks lower qualification scores than for whites. At the same time, no scholarship programs are restricted and limited only to whites. We have a Negro College Fund, but we wouldn't dare have a white scholarship fund.

HUSTLER: Can you conceive of any situation where blacks and whites could live together on an integrated basis?

DUKE: I keep looking in history books for this utopia of integrated societies. But I find wherever it's been done over any length of time, it's been a failure. Often when I go on a radio or TV show, people will call in and tell me that there should be open housing, that blacks should be able to live wherever they want to. It sounds pretty good when you talk about houses costing more than $100,000, because blacks who move into those areas are probably going to be law-abiding, substantial citizens. But in the lower-class areas, blacks living with whites are not going to be the same way.

All over the country, as neighborhoods become more integrated and increase in size because of integration, crime goes up; drug use, burglaries, and violence in the streets increase; and property values go down. This is why big cities have experienced enormous white flight from newly integrated areas. The fact is, blacks' per-capita rate of crime is anywhere from five to 15 times greater than that of whites.

If whites who are reading this doubt what I'm saying, I challenge them to go to their nearest major city one evening around 7 o'clock and walk through the black section. If they come out at all on the other side, I think they may just come out a member of the NAAWP.

HUSTLER: There are those who argue that the escalating crime rate is caused by economic conditions that have left 10 million Americans unemployed. Is it fair to blame only minority groups?

DUKE: You're giving me the old sociological argument I heard in college. I can still remember a professor telling us that blacks committed more crimes because they were poorer than whites. But when you really start studying and researching figures like I've done, that doesn't jell.

According to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, two-thirds of the people below the poverty level in this country are white—not black. *Two-thirds*. So if poverty were really the major cause of crime, then white people should be committing a good 80 or 90% of it. Yet we find the figures much reversed. Negroes, who are only 13% of the population, commit close to half of the violent major crimes. If you add in the Mexicans and Puerto Ricans, who are often classified as Caucasian, you're going to find minorities

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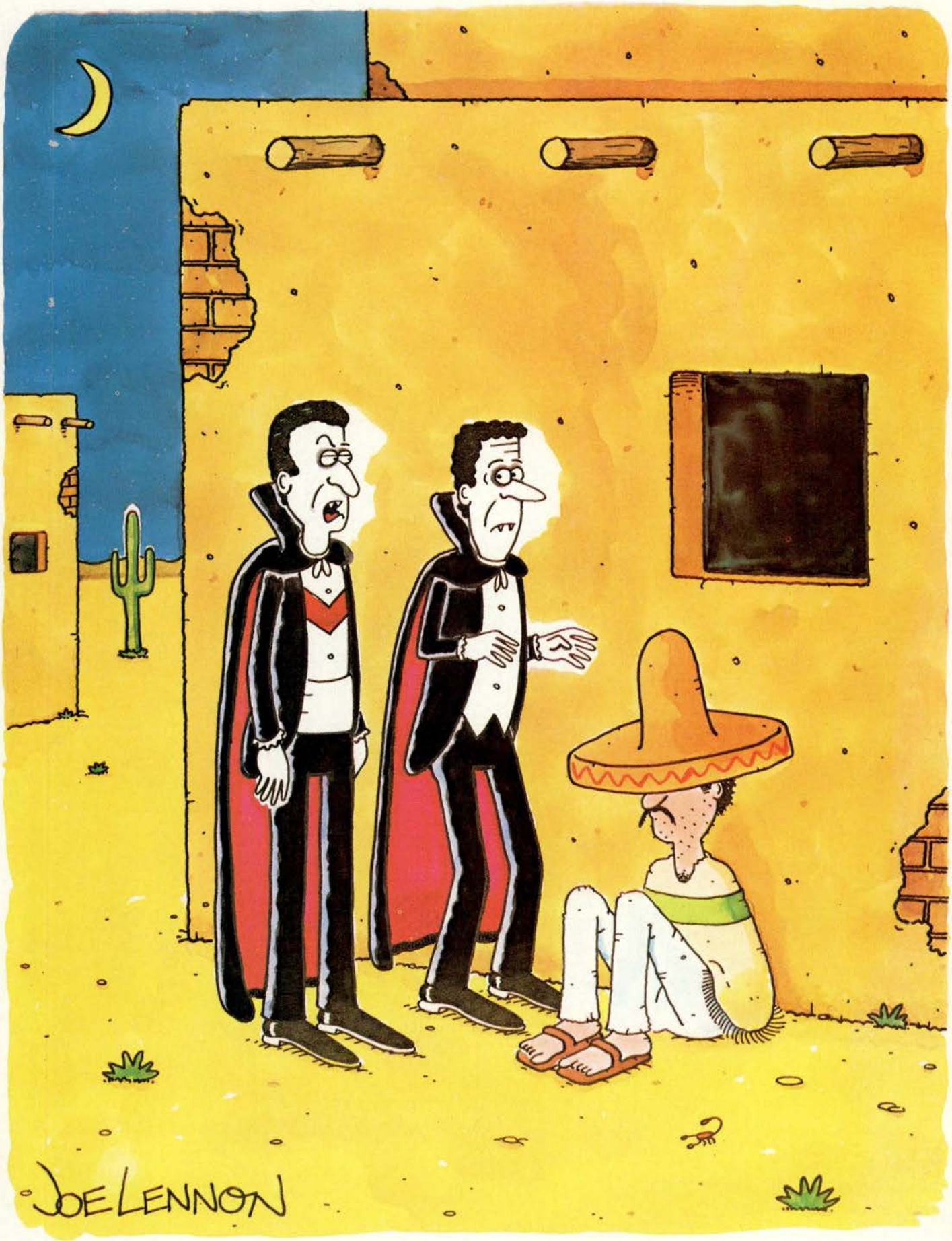
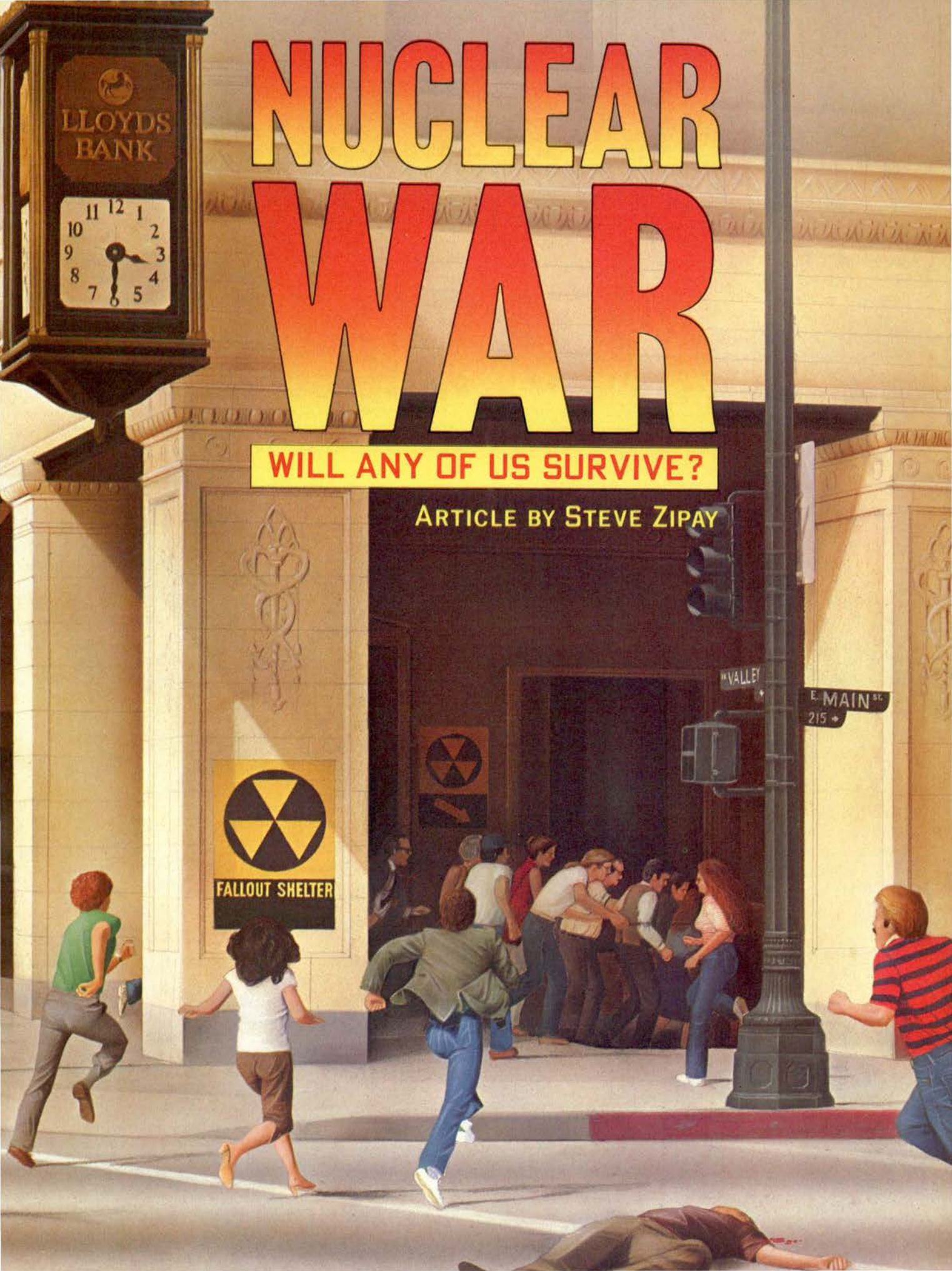
"... Pleased to meet you too!"



"I wouldn't if I were you. The last time I sucked one of those, I had the shits for a week."

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT DUNN



NUCLEAR WAR

WILL ANY OF US SURVIVE?

ARTICLE BY STEVE ZIPAY

The time is two days after a large-scale nuclear attack on the United States. The only sounds are the moans of victims in the final agony of radiation sickness, and the beating blades of rescue helicopters hovering against the glowing red sky. The sights and smells of death are everywhere.

In Washington, D.C., millions of people have been vaporized, charred, grilled, broiled, or crushed under flattened office buildings and apartment towers. One-hundred-percent fatalities are reported in a radius of 1.5 miles from the White House. Flesh peels away in great bloody folds from the broken limbs of the relatively few survivors.

On the parched plains of the Southwest, scores of livestock lie motionless on sand fused into emerald-green glass. In the California foothills, dazed people wander about with festering wounds oozing through their tattered clothing, foraging the smoldering ruins of luxury homes for anything edible.

Once written off as the Doomsday ramblings of wild-eyed fanatics or the fantasies of science-fiction buffs, grisly scenarios like these are no longer considered so farfetched. Global firepower has increased dramatically since American nuclear devices leveled Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, making the bombs that precipitated Japan's World War II surrender primitive by today's standards. Some 50,000 potent nuclear warheads—packing 1,600,000 times more wallop than the Hiroshima bomb—are situated around the world, poised to strike at the press of a button.

No wonder the majority of Americans are taking the threat of a nuclear holocaust—the Big Bang—more seriously than ever before. Last May, three of four citizens surveyed in a joint Associated Press-NBC News poll expressed fear that any use of nuclear weapons would lead to a full-scale world war. A week before, 1 million people in 600 towns and cities attended public rallies to plead for a freeze on the manufacture of nuclear weaponry.

The Reagan Administration's call for record military spending, the continued development of the deadly neutron warhead (which supposedly kills human and animal life, but leaves buildings intact) and a proposed $4.2-billion revival of the downtrodden—and probably useless—civil-defense system have all helped make the nuclear-arms race the fastest-growing political issue in the nation.

What worries people most, however, is the U.S. government's reluctance to take the possibility of our imminent annihilation all that seriously. Thomas K. Jones, deputy undersecretary of defense for strategic nuclear forces, recently noted there wasn't that much to worry about if nuclear warheads rained down on us. Jones' plan? "Dig a hole, cover it with a couple of doors and then throw three feet of dirt on top. Everyone's going to make it if there are enough shovels to go around." That sort of lamebrained thinking does nothing to relieve anyone's fears.

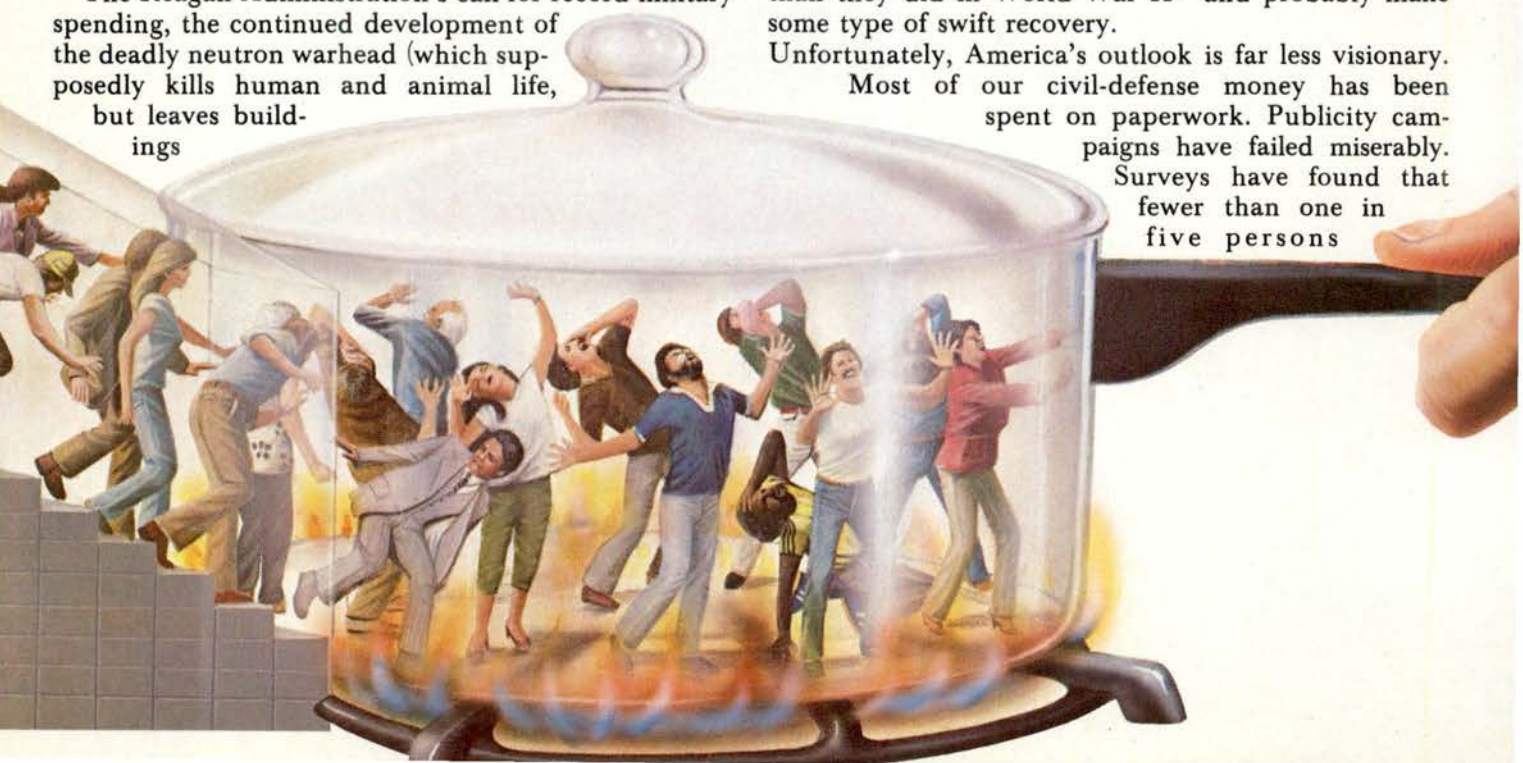
"We have no civil-defense program, merely the apparatus to start one," warned Bardyl Tirana, chief of the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency, in 1978. "When you look at civil defense in the United States, you find that the emperor has no clothes."

The wardrobe hasn't changed much since. Defense officials claim we are woefully unprepared for a nuclear attack. The Soviets, on the other hand, give preparations for World War III—and its aftermath—a very high priority. Since the '60s the Russians have spent an annual average of $12 per person in civil-defense preparedness, compared to the U.S. average of 56¢.

"The Soviets believe in a war of survival," contends Leon Goure, an adviser to President Reagan who specializes in the analysis of Russian civil defense. "We've been conditioned to accept a sense of hopelessness."

Soviet instructors teach civil defense in grammar schools, evacuation routes are widely publicized, and most adults are familiar with shelter survival. A 1978 Central Intelligence Agency report indicated that the Soviet Union could protect as much as 95% of its urban population by a combination of shelter networks and evacuations. Following a nuclear attack, the CIA said, the Russians could conceivably suffer fewer casualties than they did in World War II—and probably make some type of swift recovery.

Unfortunately, America's outlook is far less visionary. Most of our civil-defense money has been spent on paperwork. Publicity campaigns have failed miserably. Surveys have found that fewer than one in five persons



know how to get to the nearest shelter. Half don't even know that their communities *have* a civil-defense organization.

The Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) says 251,253 public fallout shelters exist nationwide, with space for almost 240 million Americans—theoretically, our entire population. But a recent tour of one such facility would seem to refute FEMA's optimism. If the shelter I visited in New York City is any indication of national preparedness, we face deep trouble should a lethal missile come our way.

The basement of my apartment building has one of those faded, yellow-and-black fallout-shelter signs. But that's about all it has. The so-called shelter area is cluttered with junk—old bicycles, stored boxes and a variety of discarded personal possessions. It would be unthinkable to live there in the event of a nuclear blast.

Food and water are nonexistent. Essential survival rations—such as canned goods, powdered milk and freeze-dried foods—spoiled and were thrown out long ago. There are no radiation meters, no decontamination equipment, no dosimeters (devices that measure the amount of radiation a person has absorbed) and no ventilation system capable of filtering out radioactive particles.

Incongruously, the federal government recommends that those flocking to such shelters bring along a will, credit cards, cash, checkbooks, stocks, transistor radios, soap, Social Security cards, insurance policies, toilet paper, extra socks, personal medication, food and water, as well as tools to construct temporary quarters above ground once the nuclear fallout has been swept away.

If that scheme seems hard to swallow, consider the "Noah's Ark" proposal of Robert L. Kingsbury, director of the Los Angeles County Department of Military and Veterans Affairs.

"Priorities for people must be established, with those holding highest priority being evacuated to the crisis relocation area first," he suggested. "As unpalatable as it may be, it is my opinion that the pre-selection of priority evacuees according to their value to the society that would survive the nuclear strike is absolutely essential.

"High-priority evacuees would include the young and physically fit, skilled specialists of all sciences, trades and occupations, and a well-balanced labor force. On the low end of priorities would be the elderly, the infirm, the unskilled, the unessential and those whose presence in the relocation area would serve only to place a burden on the survivors."

Naturally, Kingsbury's thinly veiled plan for the perpetuation of a master race was greeted with ridicule. But the grim reality remains: Civil-defense planners insist that anywhere from 70 million to 160 million Americans (29%-66% of the population) would die within the first month following a massive nuclear attack.

Many scientists challenge these figures as too conservative. Some say that destruction of industry and agriculture plus long-term effects—such as worldwide depletion of the ozone layer (particles in the upper atmosphere that screen the sun's ultraviolet rays)—might cause extinction of the entire human race.

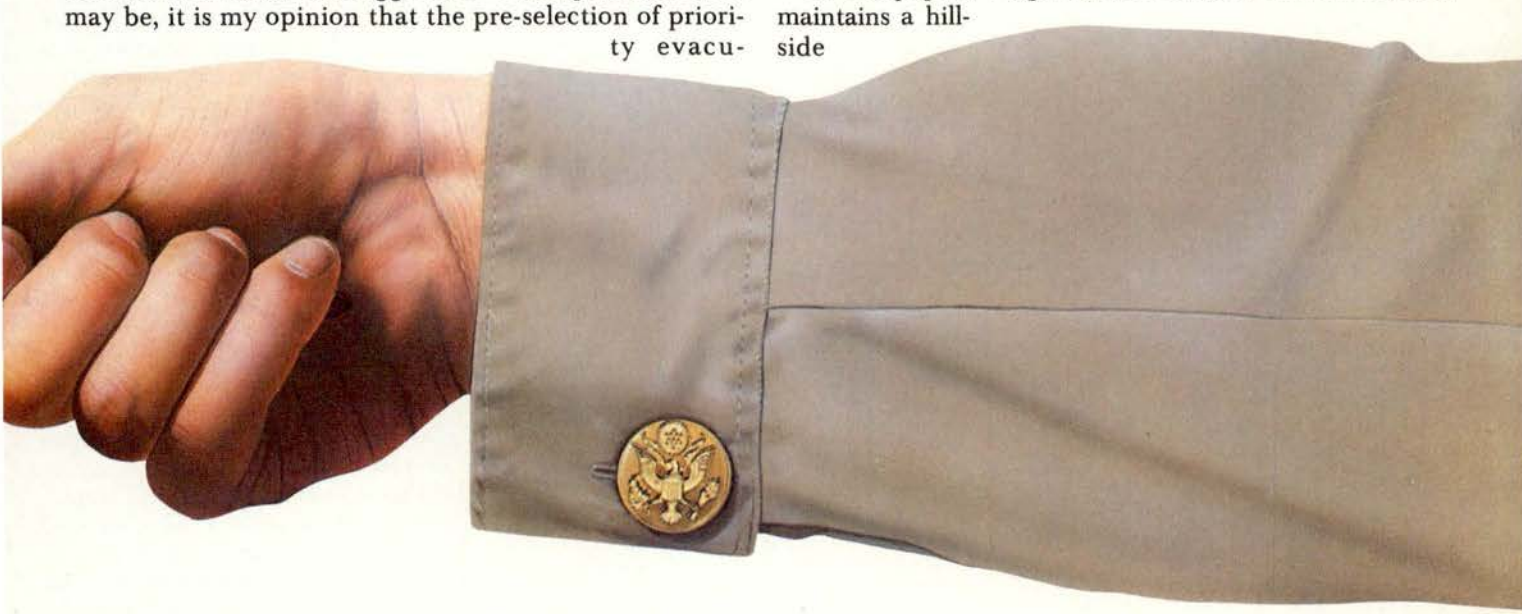
Wide differences among the estimates are explained by the unpredictable weather and wind-direction factors at the time of an attack, and whether it occurred on a workday or a holiday. Loss of human life would also depend on the missile's payload, a target's population density and the degree of mass hysteria—both before and after the nuclear strike.

For years military strategists have touted the idea of a limited nuclear exchange, whereby so-called surgical strikes (low-powered nuclear weapons used for precision bombing) could wipe out—for example—oil refineries, missile silos and a few key banks.

A functioning banking system is considered crucial because it is said that the nation must have an economy—no matter how primitive—in order to survive. Nine of the 12 Federal Reserve Banks have emergency headquarters underground, and their records are updated daily.

In Culpeper, Virginia, the Federal Reserve System maintains a hill-

side



bunker housing a huge stockpile of currency. The government insists that credit cards will be honored after we are attacked. But skeptics believe that bartering possessions will be the pillar of a post-nuclear economy. They say the most-popular items in the aftermath of a limited nuclear war—if indeed there *is* an aftermath—will probably be medicine and, more ominously, .22-caliber bullets.

"Planning on a limited nuclear war is like planning to be a little bit pregnant," says H. Jack Geiger, a member of Physicians for Social Responsibility, an activist group. "It's just not possible. It's an unrealistic assumption."

Paul Warnke, the principal U.S. negotiator at the SALT II arms-limitation meetings with the Soviet Union, feels it is impossible to foresee anything less than full-scale retaliation after a first strike on us. Even a surgical strike to disable our 1,054 Minuteman-missile silos in the Midwest would cause countless casualties, Warnke predicts, and Canada would be devastated by radioactive fallout.

The American Medical Association, in an authoritative study completed earlier this year, warned that 2 million Californians would be killed instantly if a one-megaton bomb (the equivalent of a million tons of TNT) were detonated above Los Angeles City Hall at noon on a working day. The blast—70 times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb—would light the sky with a fireball a half-mile across. The searing heat would vaporize anything and everyone directly beneath.

Five to ten miles away from Ground Zero, the AMA report continued, the flash of intense heat would scald and blind those unfortunate enough to be outdoors. It would create giant firestorms and hurricane winds. Houses, trees, clothes and human skin—anything in the storm's path—would shrivel into crisp, black ashes.

The odds for coming out alive several days later drop drastically. Outside the immediate blast-impact area, survivors would suffer radiation poisoning, and they would gradually die a painful death characterized by vomiting and diarrhea. Traditional hospitals and care units would probably be leveled, making an effective medical response impossible. There would be little likelihood of anything that resembled a "proper" burial for those who perished. The result would be a return to the Dark Ages—or even worse.

"Plague, hepatitis, salmonelliosis [a bacterial type of food poisoning] , dysentery and typhoid would flourish," predicts Dr. Herbert Abrams of the Harvard University Medical School. Adds Dr. Victor W. Sidel of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine: "There is a good chance that the survivors will envy the dead."

The government's notion of a nuclear aftermath, of course, is much more optimistic. Convinced of the futility of urban and many suburban shelters, the Carter Administration formulated the Crisis Relocation Plan (CRP). Now embraced by President Reagan, the plan is intended to effect an orderly evacuation of 380 key metropolitan areas and towns near missile silos and military bases.

Proponents of CRP make the unrealistic assumption that long before Kremlin leaders would dispatch nuclear devices and risk swift U.S. retaliation, American spy satellites would be able to detect the telltale signs of an impending first strike—the massive evacuation of Soviet city dwellers. The United States would have less than a week to negotiate or to relocate its own citizens.

With a CRP working, defense analysts believe two-thirds of the population—those in high-risk areas—could be shuttled to "safer" rural locales. They estimate that by 1990, 80% of all Americans could be protected.

"People who think that even with a week's warning they could evacuate two-thirds of the American people, feed them for a month in remote fallout shelters and then resume life in 300 or more devastated cities ought themselves to be evacuated from government forthwith," editorialized the *New York Times*.

The CRP's numerous critics doubt that the Soviet Union, Libya or any other potentially belligerent nuclear nation would be stupid enough to warn us or any other opponent before launching a hail of SS-19s—the Russians' latest intercontinental ballistic missiles. Pundits also question the effectiveness of a CRP if a computer chip should go haywire, unintentionally triggering an Armageddon.

Recently, in fact, Strategic Air Command bombers in the United States were sent aloft in what was thought to be a "live" international emergency. The planes were recalled only after a minor computer malfunction was detected. Obviously, such a false alarm could occur again.

CRP—which began as a prototype in San Antonio, Texas, in 1973—continues to be tested in such relatively uncongested areas as Dover, Delaware; Macon, Georgia; and Plattsburgh, New York—a city of 21,000 notable for a wallpaper factory and an air base stocked with Strategic Air Command bombers.

Municipal officials in Plattsburgh are dubious. "A nuclear attack would turn

"You're taking this doggy-style shit too far, Howard!"

this place into a crater," says its civil-defense director, James P. O'Connor. "Our plan is to get as far away as you can and hope for the best."

Similar apprehension has been voiced in dozens of American cities:

• Amherst, Massachusetts' board of selectmen rejected the government-mandated civil-defense plan. Chairman Francesca Maltese said it was "a cruel joke to persuade people you can survive a nuclear war."

• In Sacramento, California, Beverlee Myers—the state's top health official—refused to participate in the federal nuclear-disaster program. "Planning for relocation of the population in anticipation of nuclear attack promotes the moral obscenity that world leaders can engage in a nuclear shootout without unacceptable numbers of civilian victims," she said.

• Greensboro, North Carolina, civil-defense chief Marilyn Braun ordered fallout-shelter signs removed from public buildings throughout the city. She said the signs were "phony" and "misleading," giving people the false impression they would be safe from radiation inside the shelters.

Greensboro's County Emergency Management Assistance Agency, which was responsible for relocating 360,000 people from urban areas to eight rural counties in case of a nuclear threat, recently suspended relocation planning. So have local officials in Boulder, Colorado; Marin County, California; and Cambridge, Massachusetts—among many others.

* * *

Federal officials, though, doggedly maintain that Crisis Relocation is the least-dangerous option—until something better comes along. They provide a hypothetical portrait of a relocation plan carried out under "ideal" conditions in the nation's most-populous region, the New York metropolitan area.

The President would broadcast an evacuation order on special early-warning radio frequencies and also on television. The First Family would then be whisked off with Cabinet members and their families in a souped-up, $118-million Boeing 747 that stands on permanent alert at Andrews Air Force Base, an 11-minute helicopter ride from Washington.

(There is a fallout shelter in the White House, but officials doubt that the President would prefer to be in it, or in the Pentagon's subterranean war room. Both buildings are logical targets in an attack on the United States.)

While the President directed retaliatory strategy from aloft, his 747 would be able to stay airborne for 72 hours before requiring an oil change. It could refuel in flight, but would be unable to replenish its deteriorating oil supply. To do that, the plane presumably would have to land at an uncontaminated site somewhere in the Free World.

Other military and government officials, together with their families, would be transported to the remote tunnels carved in the Cheyenne Mountain range near Colorado Springs, Colorado. Inside this protective labyrinth, which serves as headquarters of NORAD (North American Aerospace Defense Command), they would congregate in an underground city where only a 50-megaton blast might affect them.

Members of Congress would flee to homes and offices in Mount Weather, a James Bond-type secret facility tucked away in the Virginia hills. It took 21 years of continuous excavation to hollow out this retreat, which can shelter 2,000 people.

Protected by 34-ton doors that roll on mechanical tracks, Mount Weather actually has streets, sidewalks, curbs, manholes, an underground lake for water supplies, tunnels and a heliport. In addition, a huge circular assembly room is outfitted with computer banks, communications equipment, and a hanging map of the world that illuminates the locations of military planes and warships, plus activities at individual nuclear launching sites.

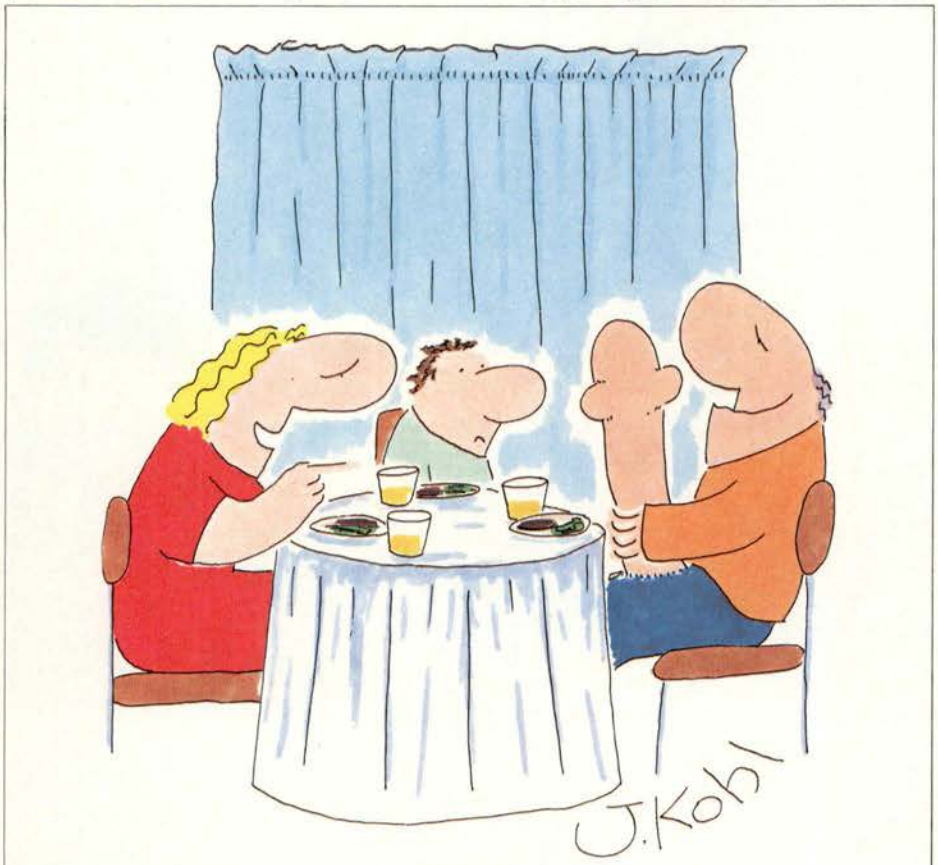
Civil-defense and armed-forces personnel would be encouraged to find suitable shelter in New York City's five boroughs—an extremely perilous prospect. Structures designed as fallout shelters in the Big Apple (as well as those nationwide) were not built to protect against radiation. Subjected to temperatures of 1,472° Fahrenheit, shelter seekers in the immediate blast area would also be dry-roasted and asphyxiated in these ovens of death.

Most of New York's 8 million residents, meanwhile, would be asked to leave the city in an orderly fashion and literally head for the hills—where shelter would await them in Catskill and Adirondack Mountain resorts. "It would be sheer human congestion," predicts one skeptical official. "Have you ever tried to get through the Lincoln Tunnel during a normal rush hour?"

People in neighboring New Jersey would be directed by radio to sites where cars, trains and buses would shuttle them to rural counties, eastern Pennsylvania and upstate New York. Key thoroughfares like the New Jersey Turnpike, the Garden State Parkway and the George Washington Bridge would become oneway north and west.

Somewhat unrealistically, the govern-

(continued on page 130)



"How do you expect to grow a big cock like Daddy's if you don't eat your asparagus?"

TINA
A VERY SPECIAL LADY

This is not trick photography. Trina is a girl with something extra. "Nothing beats the reaction I get from men the first time they reach under my blouse," says Trina. "Sometimes they're so surprised, they go soft. But once guys realize what's under there is real, they come on like raging bulls." Men who've had the pleasure of seeing all of Trina will never forget the experience. We're sure HUSTLER readers won't forget her either. But you'd better look long and hard now. Trina says she's using her modeling fees to undergo cosmetic surgery. Explains Trina, "I want men to want me for who I am, not for my one-in-a-million bust." We wish her good luck.

You Man
ugh to me?
Trina
HUSTLER'S HONEY · SEPTEMBER 1

HOOK UP
TONIGHT
With
HOT GIRLS
AND THE SEXIEST
PORNSTARS!
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
These girls are Ready & Willing
to do ANYTHING FOR YOU!
We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

Three doctors were talking about the amazing things being done in medicine. The first said, "Six weeks ago a man came in after losing a hand in an accident just as a car-crash victim was brought in dead on arrival. I took a hand from the dead man and sewed it on the worker's stump, and today he's out looking for a job."

The second physician said, "That's not so amazing. Six months ago I gave a blind man a pair of dead man's eyes, and today he's out looking for a job."

The third doctor said, "Neither of those cases tops this one. A year-and-a-half ago we took an asshole out of California, put it in the White House, and today everybody is out looking for a job."

Question: What does the Ku Klux Klan call ten white guys beating up a black dude?
Answer: A fair fight.

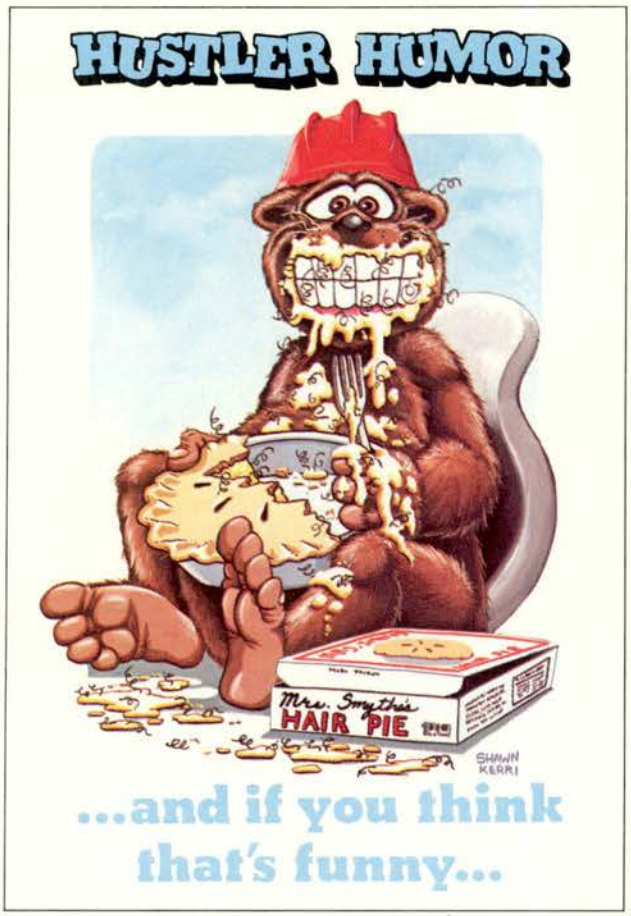
A well-dressed lawyer went into a bar for a martini and found himself beside a scrungy-looking drunk who kept mumbling and studying something in his hand. The attorney leaned closer while the drunk held the tiny object up to the light, slurring, "Well, it looks like plastic." Then he rolled it between his fingers, adding, "But it feels like rubber."

Curious, the lawyer asked, "What do you have there, Mister?"

The drunk stammered, "Damn if I know, but it looks like plastic and feels like rubber."

The lawyer said, "Let me take a look." And the drunk handed it over. The attorney rolled it between his thumb and fingers, then examined it closely. "Yeah, it does look like plastic and feel like rubber, but I don't know what it is. Where'd you get it, anyway?"

The drunk replied, "Outa my nose."



The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *wiener* as: the first person across the finish line at a Mexican track meet.

A businessman struck up a conversation with a stylish woman at a convention, and the evening ended with the couple making love in his hotel room. "I don't know what came over me," the man sobbed. "I'm happily married with a beautiful wife and three gorgeous kids. I'm so ashamed of myself."

The woman lighted a cigarette and set an ashtray between her tits. "Don't be so hard on yourself," she soothed. "People do a lot worse things than what you just did. Take me for example. I knew I had the clap when I met you."

As the man fondled his wife's breasts and pumped her vagina from behind, he said, "Lori, I love you. But we've been married for five years now, and I think our love life has gotten a little boring. We need to spice it up."

"Mm-mmm," the wife mumbled.

"There's nothing wrong with getting a little kinky once in a while. It might even help us," the husband continued.

"Um-hummm."

"C'mon, Lori!" the man insisted, growing more and more impatient. "I need to know how you feel about this. Take the dog's prick out of your mouth and talk to me!"

Question: Why do women rub their eyes when they wake up in the morning?
Answer: Because they don't have balls to scratch.

When a young man discovered that his nuts had swollen to the size of baseballs, he rushed to his doctor. After the examination the physician informed him, "Don't worry, you've got Fisher's Syndrome! It makes your testicles swell, and you'll feel real lazy for a while, but it's really nothing to worry about."

Relieved, the guy went to his favorite tavern. As he sat drinking, he saw a man crying at the end of the bar. The fellow called over the bartender and asked, "Gee, what's the matter with him? He looks like he's in agony."

"Yeah, well, he's got Fisher's Syndrome," the barkeep remarked.

"Hey, so do I!" the guy admitted. "It's nothing to cry about. Your nuts swell up, and you feel lazy. What's the big deal?"

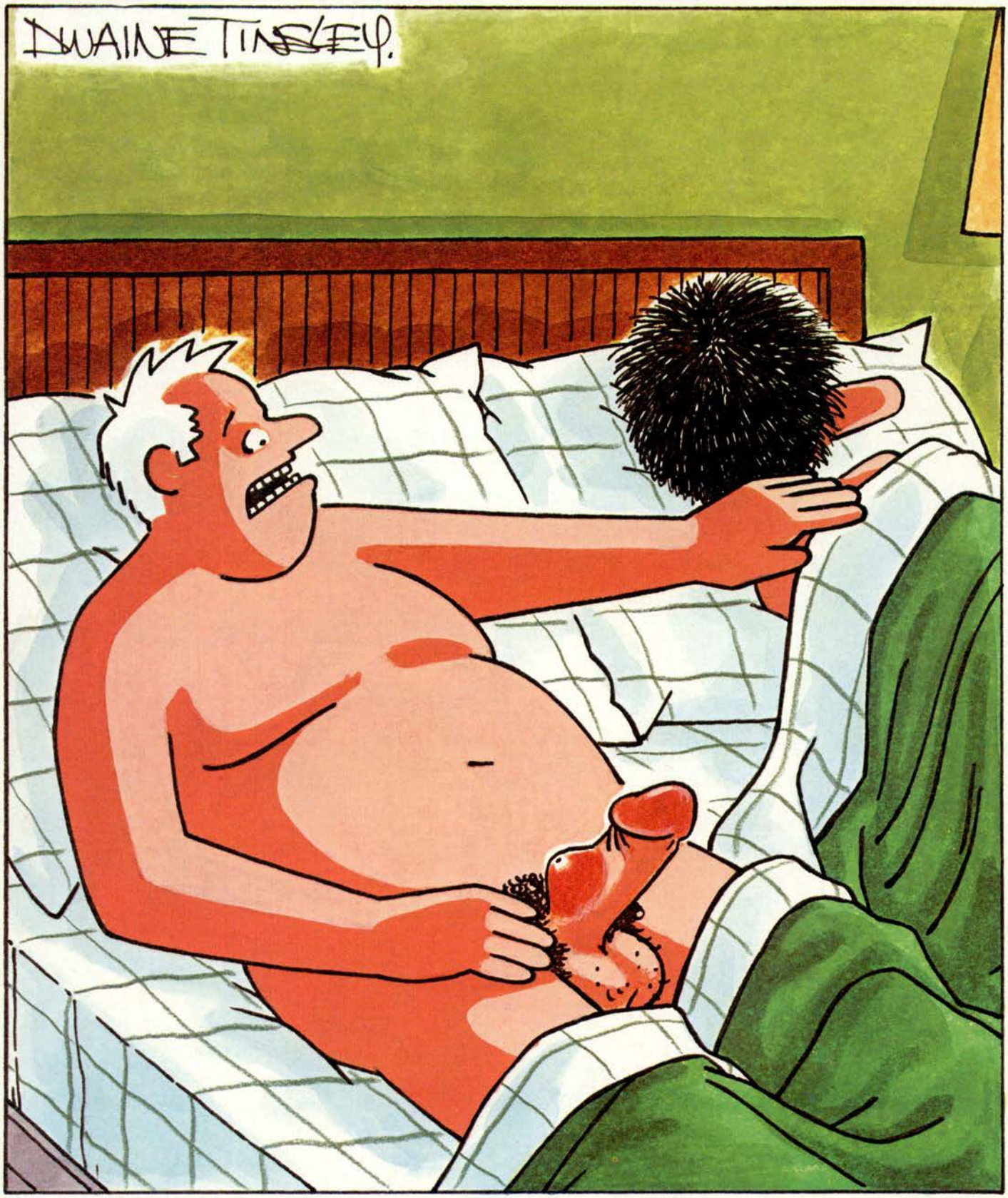
"His nuts are as big as basketballs," the bartender said. "He's sitting on 'em and is too lazy to get off."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *coitus interruptus* as: intermission at an X-rated movie.

Question: What do you get when you cross a Puerto Rican and a pig?
Answer: Nothing. There are some things even a pig won't do.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER

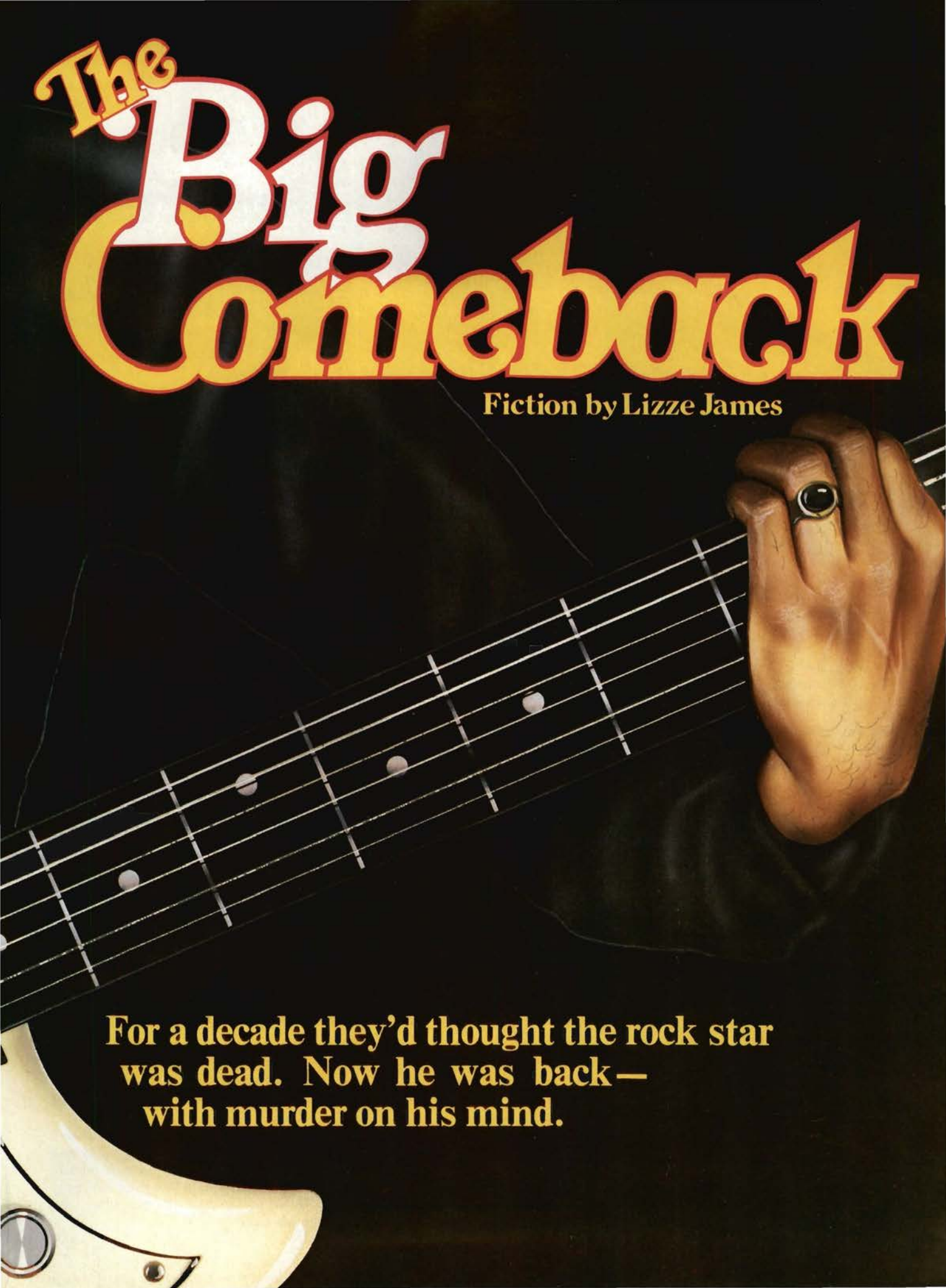


"B-but, dear, couldn't you just suck around the zit?"

Illustrated by Dennis Magdich

The Big Comeback

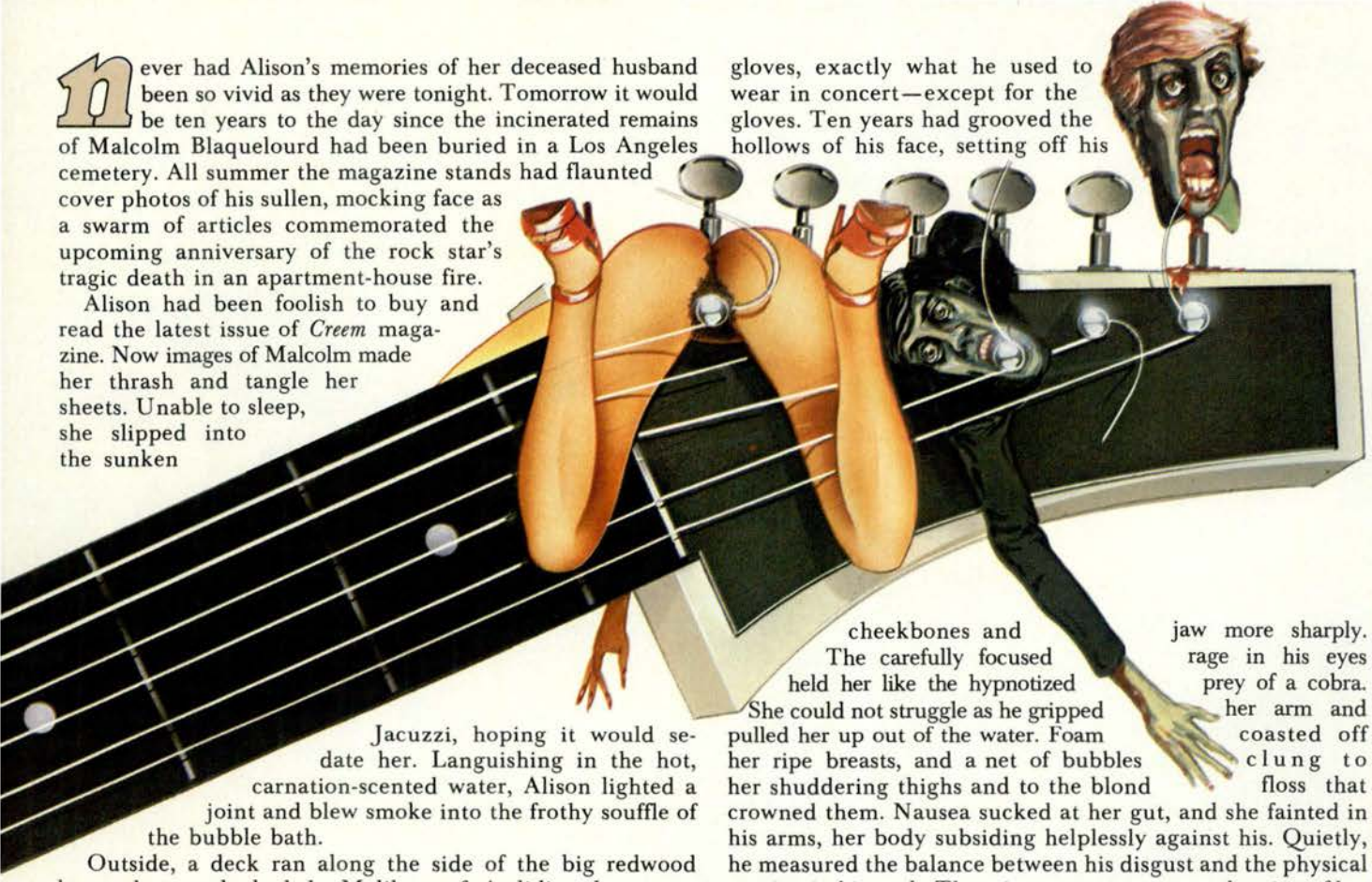
Fiction by Lizze James



For a decade they'd thought the rock star was dead. Now he was back— with murder on his mind.

Never had Alison's memories of her deceased husband been so vivid as they were tonight. Tomorrow it would be ten years to the day since the incinerated remains of Malcolm Blaquelourd had been buried in a Los Angeles cemetery. All summer the magazine stands had flaunted cover photos of his sullen, mocking face as a swarm of articles commemorated the upcoming anniversary of the rock star's tragic death in an apartment-house fire.

Alison had been foolish to buy and read the latest issue of *Creem* magazine. Now images of Malcolm made her thrash and tangle her sheets. Unable to sleep, she slipped into the sunken Jacuzzi, hoping it would sedate her. Languishing in the hot, carnation-scented water, Alison lighted a joint and blew smoke into the frothy souffle of the bubble bath.



Outside, a deck ran along the side of the big redwood house that overlooked the Malibu surf. A sliding door separated the deck from her bedroom. Tonight the door stood open, admitting the dry Santa Ana winds sweeping off the desert. The gusts carried a dense stench of burning chaparral down the canyons, where brush fires were eating their way across the mountains. Alison loved the big wind, and the smell of the fires excited her even more.

* * *

The intruder stepped into the bedroom and crossed the plush ivory carpet, noting the mingled array of Alison's clutter and a man's personal effects. He heard the rumble of the Jacuzzi through the bathroom door. Noiselessly, he walked down the hall to the study.

With a black-gloved hand he opened the buffet and scanned the liquor stock. He poured cognac into a snifter. Sipping the aromatic liquid, he glanced around. Above the cobblestone fireplace hung a wedding portrait: Pale, blond Alison, in white Chantilly lace, snuggled her cheek into the beard of her second husband, Nick Hanson. The intruder drove his gloved fist into Alison's smile, and the cracked glass covered her face like a spiderweb.

The vibrations from the Jacuzzi vanished into a foreboding silence. "I'm glad you're home early, Nicky!"

Downing the cognac, the man walked back up the hall and pushed open the bathroom door. Alison's smile, meant for the husband she expected, disappeared into a twisted grimace. Her mouth jerked open to release a sickened scream, but only a vague croak emerged. She gripped the edge of the tub with whitened knuckles.

"Deep down," Malcolm Blaquelourd told her, "you knew I wasn't dead." He dropped his cigarette on the pink-marble floor and crushed it with his heel.

Alison's limbs began a flapping, awkward motion that pushed her toward the far side of the tub. Her eyes searched desperately for some reassuring hint that this was a joke. But it wasn't.

Malcolm wore black-leather jeans, jacket, boots and gloves, exactly what he used to wear in concert—except for the gloves. Ten years had grooved the hollows of his face, setting off his cheekbones and jaw more sharply. The carefully focused rage in his eyes held her like the hypnotized prey of a cobra. She could not struggle as he gripped her arm and pulled her up out of the water. Foam coasted off her ripe breasts, and a net of bubbles clung to her shuddering thighs and to the blond floss that crowned them. Nausea sucked at her gut, and she fainted in his arms, her body subsiding helplessly against his. Quietly, he measured the balance between his disgust and the physical craving in his cock. Then, in a spontaneous combustion of hatred and desire, he let her collapse on the floor and ripped open his pants. He knelt down and jostled inside the unconscious woman's thighs, shoving them apart as his thick cock plowed into her cunt.

* * *

Nick Hanson returned home at 2 a.m., later than usual. Nick had been personal manager of Malcolm Blaquelourd's group, the Warlocks. Now he was vice-president of the recording company that had produced their albums.

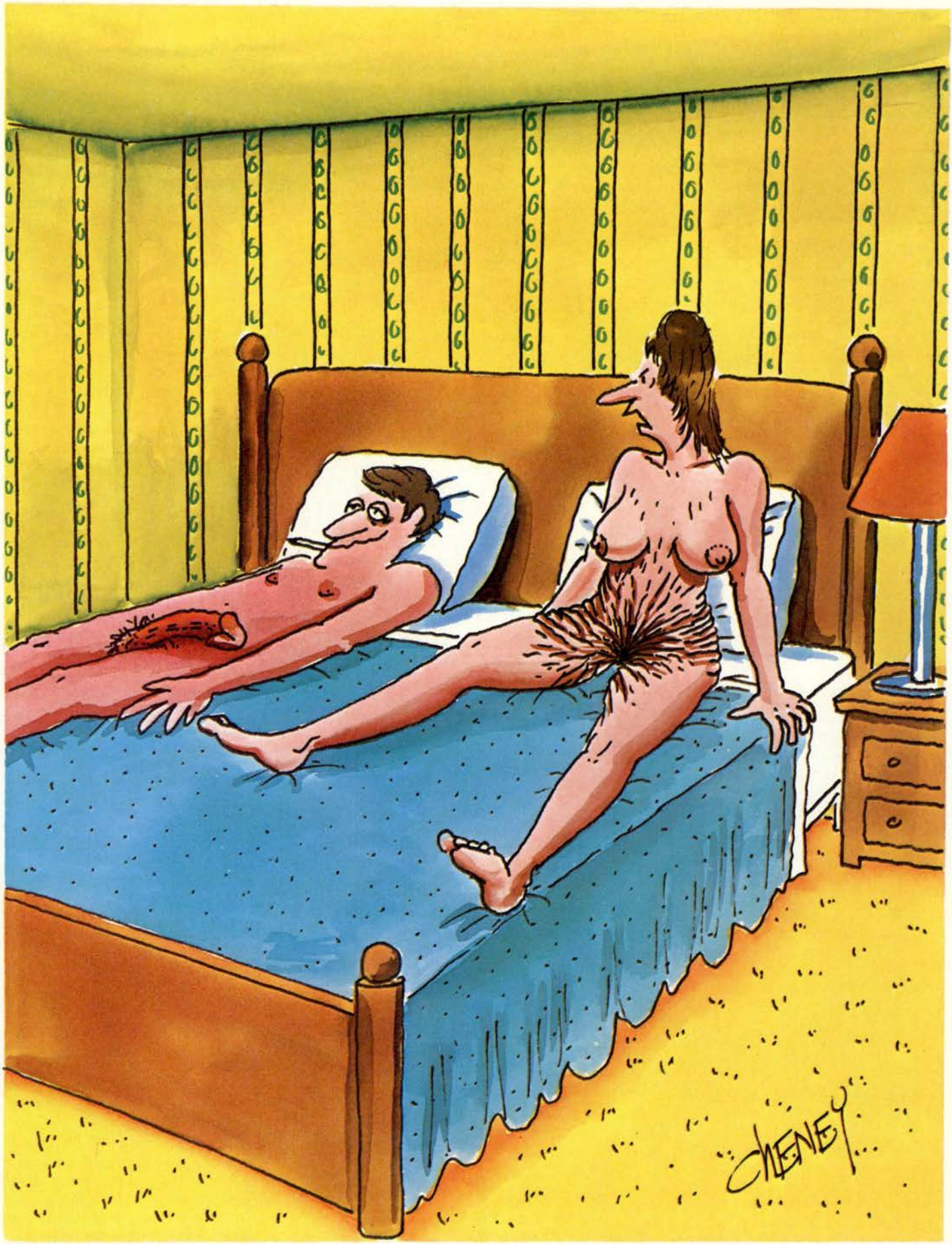
Ten years had added 50 pounds to his formerly lean body. Once a haphazard dresser, now he sported a white leisure suit festooned with gold neck chains. The previously straight black hair that once fell to his shoulders had become a fleece of permed curls. His scraggly beard of old was now a manicured Van Dyke.

Nick hesitated, then passed up the booze. He headed for the bedroom, undressing as he went. The hum of the Jacuzzi told him that Alison was waiting up, and a good fuck was just what he needed. He threw his clothes on the tousled bed and walked naked into the bathroom.

What'd she do? Nick wondered, staring in disbelief. *OD or something?* Alison was floating facedown in the water, her body bobbing in the currents from the underwater jets. *How degrading that Nick Hanson's wife would do herself in like this—how gross and tacky!*

Revulsion shook him as he bent down and lifted her shoulders. When he saw the swollen purple bulge of her face—the lolling tongue, half-severed by her own teeth, and the protruding eyes that stared blankly at him—he realized with horror that she had been strangled.

The corpse slid from his hands, back into the perfumed water. Abruptly, Nick vomited as he rushed to the study and reached for the phone. Holding a towel to his sour mouth, he punched buttons and waited. When his eyes suddenly snagged on the dark figure in his own favorite chair, the phone receiver fell from his hand.



"Next time, how about letting me get wet before you ram it in?!"

Malcolm snickered, his black boots propped on the polished oak table. "Gained a little weight there, Nick."

Nick was speechless, momentarily lost in his desire to reject the reality before him, to find it a delusion. He struggled to discover some trace of an impostor beneath the black leather. But gradually his heart sank with the realization that this was Malcolm Blaquelourd—that Blaquelourd wasn't dead—and that he had murdered Alison.

A saving thought penetrated Nick's blur: the snub-nosed .38 he kept in his desk drawer. The desk was halfway across the room, equidistant between himself and Malcolm.

"Been keeping yourself well fed, I see," Malcolm said. "At my expense, of course." He swirled cognac around the glass cradled in his hand and lighted a cigarette.

Nick eyed the desk hungrily and twisted the towel around his hips. "I . . . I can compensate you." His intention to kill Malcolm as soon as he got his hands on the gun was almost impossible to control. Sweat drizzled from his armpits. "My checkbook is right here . . . in this drawer," he gasped. He began to edge toward the desk, keeping his eyes on Malcolm. "I can pay you back."

"Pay me back?" Malcolm sneered. "Sure, Nick. For grabbing my fortune, my house and my wife—maybe a few million would cover that. But how do you plan to measure out in money the damage you've done to my reputation?"

"I'll give you whatever you ask." Nick's hands touched home on the drawer handle, and he yanked it open. The gun was gone.

Malcolm grinned over the muzzle of Nick's .38 gripped in his gloved fist.

"Wait, Malcolm . . . I can make it up to you . . . We'll cut a new album right away . . . The return of—"

With a savage roar the weapon spewed its bolt of hot lead into Nick Hanson's mouth. Blood and brains burst from the back of his skull, spattering the smashed wedding portrait. Malcolm looked around for a moment, then tossed the gun on the floor beside Nick's body and quietly left.

* * *

Outside on Sunset Boulevard only the sound of the bass could be heard, pumping through the open doorway. Inside, red strobes knifed through the violet glow of black lights, keeping pace with the massive pulse.

The lyrics were faintly audible behind shrills of laughter, shouts, and the clatter of the band setting up. Nobody strained to catch the lyrics. It was only a tape. Malcolm Blaquelourd was singing "Unholy Land," the song that had hurtled the Warlocks to glory in the summer of 1970.

The Purple Haze was featuring old Warlocks hits as part of the club's special program to honor the tenth anniversary of Malcolm Blaquelourd's death. Tonight Doug Spooner, the former Warlocks guitarist, was headlining the show with his new group.

As club owner Tori Babiner slipped out of her office behind the bar, a surge of awareness rushed chills over her body. Back in '70, when she was 18, that song had changed her life. That voice had taken possession of her with an almost-cruel intensity. And those lyrics had been her constant obsession during the two years when she was Malcolm Blaquelourd's personal groupie.

Doug's voice boomed through the public-address system. "Hello, all you Warlocks freaks!"

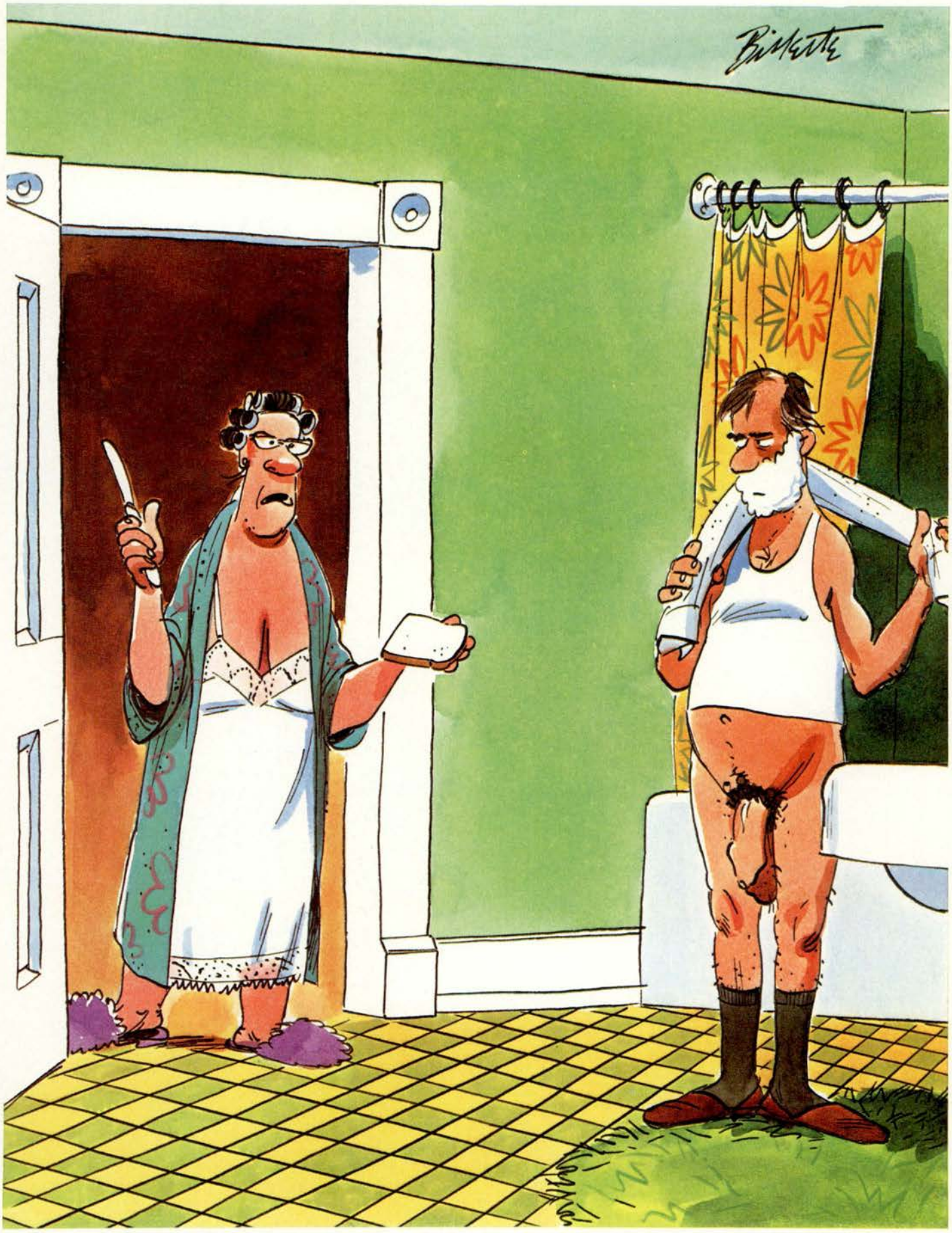
Tori crossed the dance floor to her table near the bandstand, her muscular buns jutting provocatively from side to side. As she walked beneath the black lights, her white-silk dress became virtually transparent. In the ten years since she and Malcolm had last seen each other, Tori's looks hadn't changed much. Her tanned, long-limbed body had gathered not an inch of excess girth. Her breasts were still high-set. Dark hair spilled almost to her waist, and a childish look of mischief hovered in her wide brown eyes.

"I have a special treat for you," Doug announced, his voice loud and breathy as it emerged through the speakers. "In memory of that great Warlock who can't be with us tonight . . ." He paused, carefully creating a moment of somber recollection. ". . . We're gonna open with a song I wrote ten years ago. The song was never recorded 'cause I wanted to do it with Malcolm. But it was never meant to be." Again he paused, wallowing in pseudo-humility. "So . . . in honor of this occasion, here it is!"

A roll of drums preceded a sinister interplay of heavyweight bass and sneering guitar. Doug's voice was temporarily lost in an explosion of applause. He whipped the mike cord around and convulsed his hips. Wearing an arrogant, mocking expression, he strutted across the platform. Doug was pushing his Malcolm Blaquelourd imitation beyond its limits, almost into parody. But the audience loved it.

Malcolm sat far from the bandstand in a shadowy corner. Only the flame of a red-glassed candle licked occasional tongues of light over his face. His fingers tightened on a shot glass of whiskey as he watched Doug perform a song that Malcolm himself had written. With per-

(continued on page 92)



"I'm making a cheese sandwich. Mind peeling back your foreskin for me?"

DANIELLE
The Bear Facts
Photography by Matti Klatt

The forest holds many secrets, and one of them belongs to Danielle. She often escapes into the quiet woods to be alone and to enjoy the pine-scented air as it brushes lightly against her skin. Danielle knows she'll have total privacy, and with each journey she becomes more daring. Her fingers begin to explore the forbidden regions of her youthful body when suddenly, she feels something move. "It's a bear!" she screams, even though not a soul will hear. The girl is frightened, but she can't bring herself to run away. She knows that bears have a soft spot for sweet things. The huge animal has found a friend, and the curious Danielle lets him get acquainted. Just how friendly do they become? You'll have to wait for Part II in the October issue of HUSTLER!

TO BE CONTINUED...

(continued from page 78)

fect impunity, Doug had ripped it off.

Tori was totally thrilled as she glanced around at the crowd. Coke, grass and champagne wove a net of pleasure throughout her nervous system, and the music and a '60s-vintage light show heightened the effect. The Purple Haze was the fulfillment of her most cherished fantasy—to be in the center of a fountain that pumped out music, drugs and action.

Malcolm's eyes momentarily riveted on Tori. She looked in his direction, as if a cool draft from that corner of the room had rippled over her bare skin. Her eyes stumbled on his candlelit face. As she gazed, an eerie spark of recognition raced from his eyes to hers, a torrential transfer of energies. Then he leaned back into the darkness.

Tori focused her eyes on the band and the psychedelic lights, but her mood had changed. She felt cold and tense. It was as if a crypt had been opened, sending the chilling stench of death over her flesh.

After the song ended, Doug gave token acknowledgment to the applause. "For our next number . . . " He tapped on his mike to quiet the frenzied crowd. " . . . We'd like to play another song from the Warlocks days, called 'Demon Lover.' It's sort of special because Malcolm and I wrote it together."

In fact, Spooner's contribution to that song had been a 30-second guitar riff between verses. Malcolm continued to listen and watch intently. As the venom surged through his innards, he tightened his grip on the shot glass.

Tori turned once more and stared directly at him. Her common sense dismissed the notion of ghosts, but she could devise no other explanation for the face across the room. A rush of fear swept through her. The need to defuse that fear made her stand and move in his direction.

Disgusted by Doug Spooner's plagiarism, Malcolm squeezed his fist until the shot glass splintered. Blood and whiskey mingled in his palm. He wiped his hand absently on the table and got up. Tori was halfway through the crowd when the dark figure in leather strode angrily to the door and disappeared.

* * *

"I can't believe it!" Tori exclaimed after the Purple Haze had closed for the night. "What do the police think?" She was pacing frantically between empty tables littered with crumpled napkins, drained glasses and overstuffed ashtrays. Doug sat on the edge of the bandstand, smoking a joint. "They can't say for sure," he said. "It might be a murder-suicide for all anybody knows."

"Nick murder Alison? Never. Impossible! That's crazy! And what makes it even crazier . . . " Tori paused for a minute. " . . . You're going to think I'm full of shit, Doug. But I swear . . . I saw . . . right here at this table . . . I saw *Malcolm*." She smacked her fist on the whiskey-soaked wood. When her eyes made out the angular edges of broken glass, she instinctively looked at her hand. It was streaked with blood. "Oh, no!" she murmured, grabbing a napkin and blotting it. But the flesh was undamaged; the blood was not hers.

Doug smiled condescendingly as she rushed to his side. "You *are* loaded."

Tori shook her head, apologetic and desperate. "I wouldn't make up something like that, Doug. *Malcolm* was sitting at that table!"

"You never know!" He gave a theatrical sigh, making fun of her while he picked up his guitar. "Let's get out of here, Tori."

"Wait for me in the car," she said miserably. "I have to finish up some things in the office."

Whistling a frivolous distortion of "Demon Lover," Doug crossed the parking lot to his Mercedes. He sang in exaggerated jazz-style as he unlocked the trunk, put his guitar in and slammed the lid shut. Then he rubbed mist off the windshield with his shirt sleeve. Still singing, he opened the door and settled back into the driver's seat.

"I have a special treat for you . . . " The vicious sneer came from behind. So did the cold, steel edge of the blade that pricked Doug's throat.

"Take it easy, man," Doug gasped. "Take my wallet and split. Here, man. Happy birthday."

" . . . It's a song I wrote ten years ago."

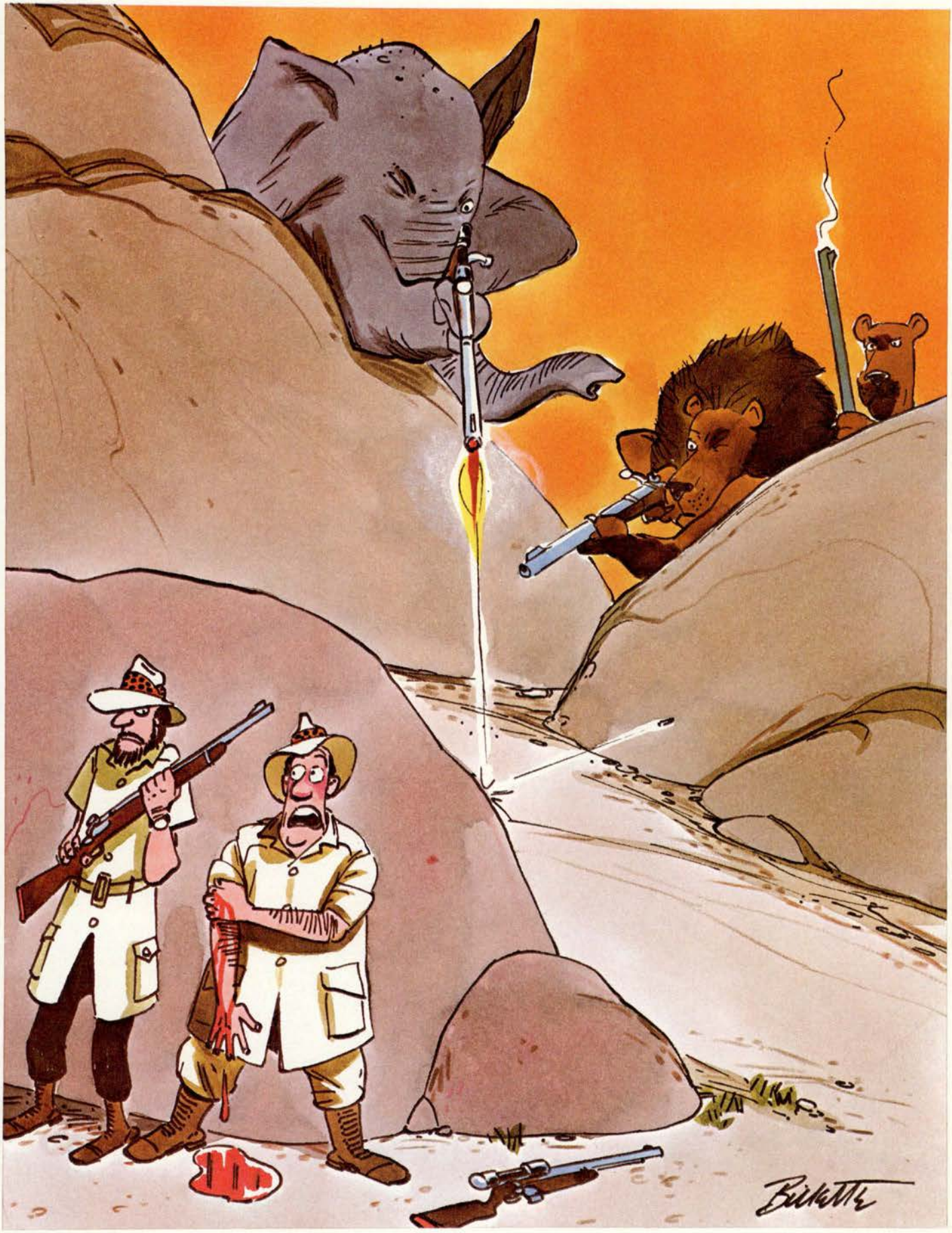
Harsh chills ripped through Doug's body as the familiarity of the voice penetrated his brain. He struggled to consider it a coincidence, but then the man in the backseat began to sing in clear, pure baritone . . .

Tori's high heels clicked on the asphalt as she quickened her steps. Doug's Mercedes was the only car left in the lot besides her Jaguar. She shivered, from either the cool night air or the haunting image back in the club. She was eager to be with Doug tonight, to snuggle into the warmth of his body.

As Tori approached the Mercedes, she saw that Doug was slumped over the steering wheel. She opened the door on the passenger side, tossed her bag onto the floor and cuddled close to him. "Sleepy, huh?" she whispered, running her hand through his long hair and gent-

(continued on page 104)

"Ya know, Ruth, you'd make some necrophiliac a great lover."



"Hey! That's not fair!"

DEBBIE
TROPICAL TEASE
Photography by Ed England

"When I come to this island with my boyfriend," says the young, tan and lovely Debbie, "he always disappears with his surfboard. I'll wait for him on the beach for a while, but if I'm in the right kind of mood, I may have to take things into my own hands." Debbie is a 20-year-old receptionist from Los Angeles whose wealthy father happens to own property on a small island in the Pacific. "I don't let it go to my head," she blushes. "I'm too busy thinking of new ways to get off!" Debbie is one girl who knows how to enjoy herself, with or without her boyfriend.

HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt,* 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

THE BIG COMEBACK

(continued from page 92)

ly massaging his scalp.

His mouth was wet. Figuring he was drooling, Tori wiped her fingers across his lips, and a bright streak of red smeared all four fingertips. "Doug!" she cried. When she shook his shoulder, he plopped back against the seat.

A bloody trench divided his throat. A white stalk of pharynx looped out of the gore like a plastic tube, stark in the fluorescent glow of the overhead lights. At first, Tori stared in dazed fascination. Then the screams came gusting out of her as she groped for the door handle.

* * *

Five squad cars spinning their blue-and-red lights had surrounded the Mercedes. A policeman stood beside Tori as he made a report. The club owner was hunched over, her shoulders shaking with sobs.

A crowd of people who came from out of nowhere hovered around the rim of the parking lot. Abruptly, an ambulance mowed a path through the onlookers and swerved into the lot. Attendants jumped out and placed Doug's shrouded body into the rear compartment.

After the ambulance left, the spectators gradually wandered away. One by one, the police cars glided back onto Sunset. At last, only one remained, its colored lights flashing.

The beams of blue and red strobed across the windshield of the rented Corvette parked on the far side of Sunset Boulevard. They wiped across Malcolm's face. By turns he became a frozen blue ghost and a crimson demon.

Tori sagged into her Jaguar. The cop closed her door and walked to the patrol car. Moments later the bewildered woman was heading east on Sunset.

Malcolm's engine was running before Tori had passed him. Gracefully, he slid into the lane behind her.

* * *

The dark cottage was nestled in a Laurel Canyon hillside, high above the narrow street. Tori took the steps two at a time despite her grief and exhaustion. Up in her room, Tori grabbed some clothes and cosmetics—absurdly illogical items, she realized, even as she stuffed them into a canvas tote bag. Logic was now secondary. All her awareness was dominated by the face she had seen in the shadows of the Purple Haze. She could not be home alone tonight. She would go straight to her sister's place in West Covina.

Clutching her keys, she shoved the tote bag under her arm and yanked open the front door.

Malcolm sat with one leg hoisted over the porch rail. Enough light fell on his face to reveal a triumphant smirk.

Tori's breath froze in her throat.

"Hello, baby," he said, his voice caressing her. Slowly, he rose and approached her, coming up close. She could feel the heat of his body against hers. He gripped her arm, ushered her back inside and locked the door behind them. His eyes roved over her body.

Tori tried to speak, but her mouth was dry, sticky and disconnected from her brain. Her thighs and ass trembled.

"You don't look so glad to see me," he said with annoyance. "How 'bout a drink?"

She gestured numbly at a cabinet, and Malcolm proceeded to pour himself a lusty splash of scotch. Then he poured an equal share into a second glass and brought it to Tori. His eyes searched her face. "C'mon, baby," he said with a grin. "I don't look *that* bad—especially for somebody who's been dead for ten years!"

The idiocy of his joke released some of the tension inside her. She gulped down the scotch.

He gave her a knowing look, which declared that essential things between them remained unchanged. He ran another appraising glance over her body, then finished off his drink.

In spite of herself, Tori felt a hot network of shivers vibrate through her body, tingling into her cunt. She fought the feeling, but the more she fought, the stronger were the surges of arousal.

Malcolm was pleased to see that time had not diminished his power to excite her. His parted lips drifted to her mouth. In the collision of flesh and teeth the lovers of old found a stirring familiarity. With the first touch of Blaquelourd's hands her body melted into his.

He carried Tori into the bedroom. Seeing it again, flashes of vaguely remembered objects rushed into his mind as the two of them rolled onto the double bed. With calm swiftness he freed himself from his clothes.

Tori wiggled and panted, excited as the groupie she once was, making useless efforts to help him undress. When they were both naked, he licked her nipples, then worked his tongue down toward the source of her most intense arousal.

She mouthed his throat before grazing through the growth of hair between his pectorals. As Tori's tongue meandered down his belly, Malcolm's engorged cock strained upward toward her lips. Soon her mouth enclosed its head and slowly took in its entire length.

While she filled and stroked the inside of her mouth with his erection, he

(continued on page 110)

Beaver Hunt

No matter how many beautiful models and stars you may have fantasized about, they just can't compare to your favorite Beaver. So why not reward her love and loyalty by snapping her photo for *Beaver Hunt*? She may even win 50 bucks. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All submissions become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one color photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release on page 104, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her $50.

Photo by R. C. Baker Jr.

Angie of Portland, Oregon, likes bike riding, boating and swimming. This 20-year-old's healthy appetite for physical activity includes fantasizing about endless hours of lovemaking on a beach.

Photo by Jerry Florian

Partying, camping and plenty of sex are the top priorities of Karen Florian, 25, of Arvada, Colorado. This housewife says she's anxious to appear in a HUSTLER photo-layout.

Photo by Friend

Going "out on the town" with L.A. Dodgers catcher Steve Yeager would satisfy Karen Oakes, 26, from Greensboro, North Carolina. Karen's an electronics engineer who also enjoys listening to music.

Photo by Ray Anderson

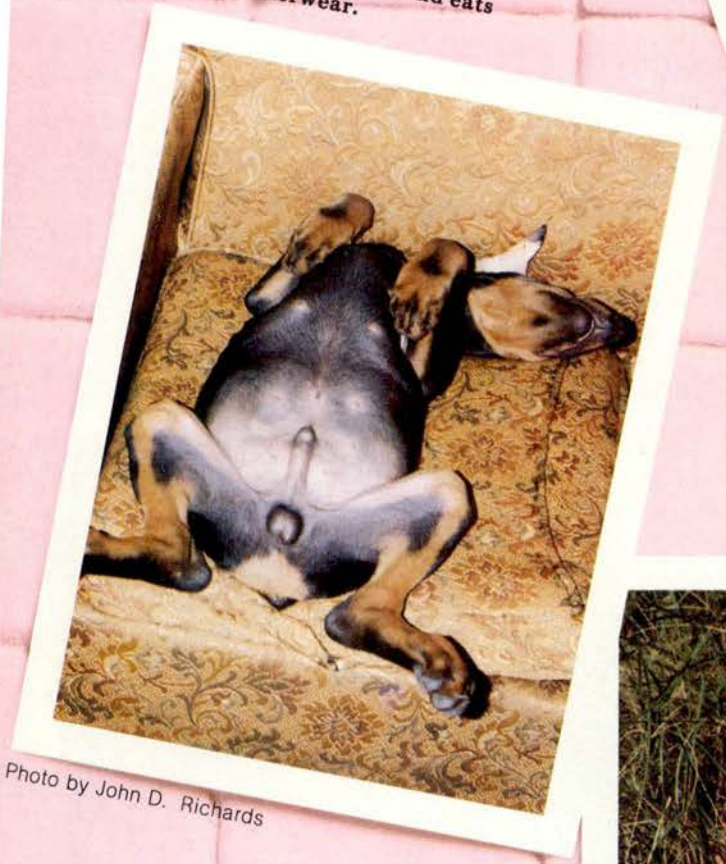


Photo by John D. Richards

Bruno is a Chicago watchdog who dreams about becoming *Sierra Club* magazine's first centerfold. In the meantime, Bruno plays ball, jogs and eats ladies' underwear.

Jacksonville, Florida's Debbie White fantasizes about fucking her photographer. This 25-year-old dancer keeps her body in shape with horseback riding and sex.

Photo by Husband

Federalsburg, Maryland, is home to Pam Vernon, a 29-year-old housewife who'd like to ball two men at once. Her hobbies include skating and swimming.

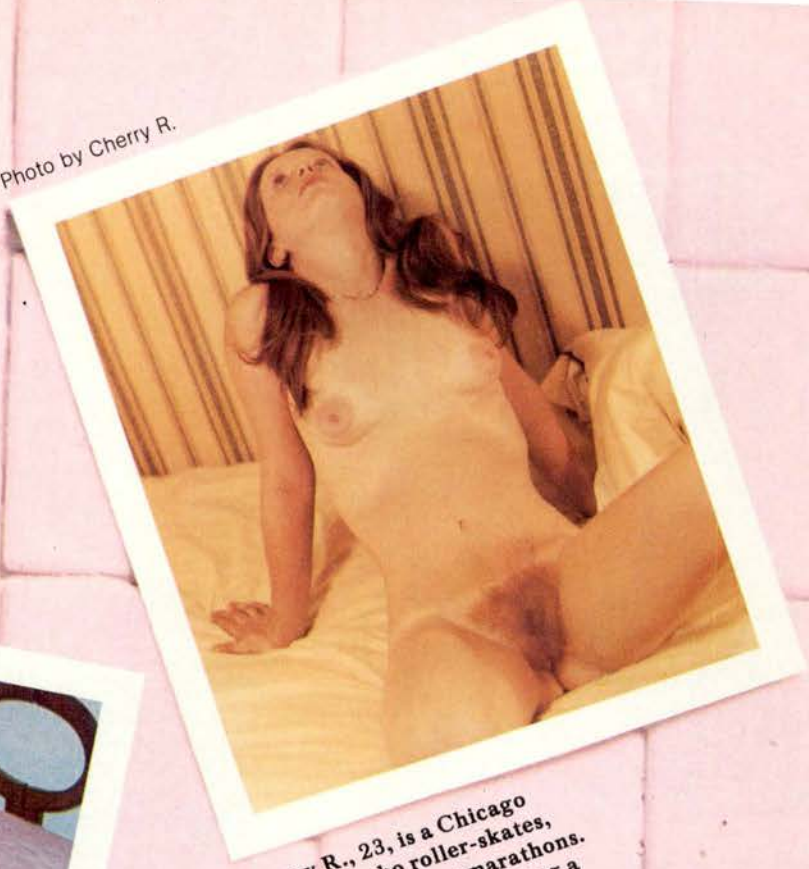
Jan, a secretary from Houston, Texas, dreams of making it with her husband every night under a moonlit sky. She's 21 years old and loves to dance and spend money.

Photo by Husband

Photo by Friend

Pinky, 21, secretly desires to get it on with Philadelphia Eagles head coach Dick Vermeil on the 50-yard line before a sellout crowd. A nursing student from Philly, Pinky's also into gymnastics and dancing.

Photo by Cherry R.



Cherry R., 23, is a Chicago bartender who roller-skates, ice-skates and runs marathons. She dreams about becoming a HUSTLER centerfold or being marooned on a desert island with a sexy guy.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is home to Bonnie Turner, a 28-year-old file girl who loves jogging, dancing and aerobics. Bonnie's sexual fantasy is to cover her body in whipped cream and pose for a sexy photographer.

Photo by Thomas J. Morgan

Photo by Harry B.

Cooking, fishing and riding horses are the prime activities of Teresa B., a 21-year-old Galax, Virginia, housewife. Her sexual fantasy is to make love in a big pile of cotton or in the snow.

One for the Ladies

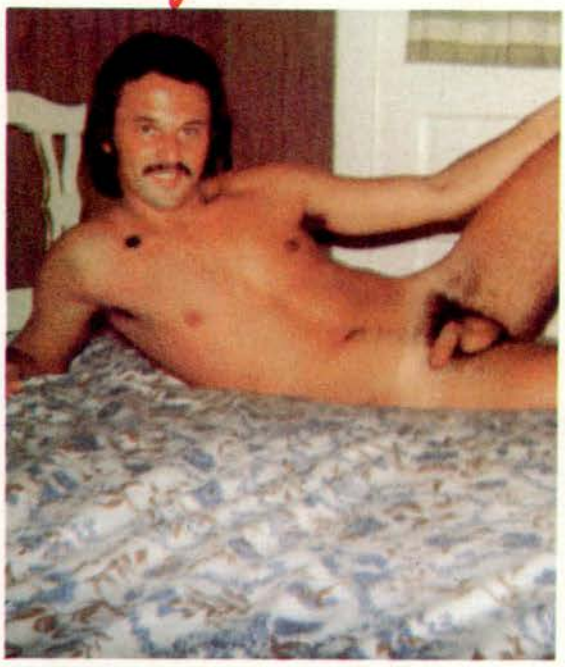


Photo by Friend

Mr. Bill, 23, is a musician from Ocala, Florida, who'd like to change his tune by starring in a first-rate porno movie. His hobbies include waterskiing, chess and photography.

Robin Classen's fantasy is to rape her husband without letting him know it's her. This 20-year-old Portland, Oregon, housewife is into photography, modeling, volleyball, writing and reading.

Photo by Stephen Classen

Photo by Husband

Mother-to-be Loretta enjoys backpacking and bowling. She's a 19-year-old housewife from Escondido, California, who desires to make love with her husband "in a cool stream."

(continued from page 104)

spread her thighs. Slowly, his fingers brushed aside her fur and parted the lips of her cunt. The inside surface was gleaming wet and flushed. He exposed the swollen knob of her clit and the red inner folds that surrounded her hole, and she responded by increasing the suction on his cock.

He gazed at her exposed cunt, admiring its gloss. He felt like filling that tight slit with his cock right away, but she showed no readiness to release it from her mouth. As she milked him, his thumb slid over her clit, brushing the tiny bulb of nerves in feathery strokes.

The pressure in his balls erupted, releasing his cum in sharp bursts. The waves of sensation continued with increasing force, and she shuddered. Malcolm's prick spurted for an astonishing length of time against the slippery walls of her throat.

Licking her shining-wet lips, she squirmed around and brought her face to his. He felt the caresses of her hands and mouth through a dreamy haze. Tori had always been able to take him into dimensions of sexual pleasure that he could enter with no other woman. Her total yielding to him was like a gate into a secret realm.

Now she swung over him, straddling his hips. She spread her pussy lips with her fingers and rocked her pelvis forward. With each gliding motion her open cunt found the head of his cock, making him tingle from head to toe. His penis pulsed and swelled back to toughness. Throwing her head back, Tori sank lower, and her thighs slid farther apart until her tight, wet pussy took in Malcolm's throbbing cock to the hilt. At last she released a gasp of ecstatic relief.

He pistoned his cock into her with savage energy, and the muscular walls of her steaming cunt sprang into rippling contractions, tugging and massaging his cock. She began to rock her hips against his pelvis with urgent force. "Oh, Malcolm, it's been so long."

A burning shower exploded from his balls. She lifted her cunt against him, grinding it fiercely as her contracting flesh sucked up his hot seed.

* * *

Malcolm and Tori lay together, bathed in the glow of a single candle beside the bed. They were drinking the rest of the scotch when Tori asked him to talk about the past.

"The night of the fire I was standing outside the recording studio," he began. "We had just finished a session. Alison came out and said, 'You'd better get to that press conference tomorrow morning, or Nick's gonna tie your ass to the fender of his car and take you there.' "

Malcolm laughed bitterly. "Alison was *my* wife, living in *my* house, spending *my* money and fucking Nick. But she wasn't ready to dump me yet. No, she wasn't through trying to run my career. The bitch was sure there'd still be one drop of blood left to suck out, after Nick and the group and the media and the fans were through with me. And that day was almost there, baby. We were separated and I had my own place, but she wouldn't divorce me."

"But I thought Nick was your best friend," Tori said.

"He was—at first. And I trusted him. He took care of me, but Doug somehow managed to convince Nick that I was responsible for the group's problems—for the way we were getting too rowdy and our records were slipping on the charts. It made them all feel so righteous and decent to make *me* the scapegoat for everything that was going wrong!

"When Nick turned against me," Blaquelourd continued, "I really started to fuck up. I came onstage too drunk to sing . . . told bad jokes . . . said the wrong things to the press. I stopped caring. I lost interest." He swallowed more scotch and shrugged. "I gave up."

"You let them diddle you around like a piece of sound equipment. You let them—"

"You think I don't realize that?" He took a harsh drag off his cigarette, eyeing Tori coolly. "Anyway, after I told Alison to go soak her face in battery acid, I walked over to my apartment above the Sunset Strip. I found a surprise when I got there. Brian Rawlings, an old buddy of mine, was hanging out next to a van parked in front of my building. I hadn't seen him for more than a year. He told me he'd bought a chunk of land in the woods, up north. And there he was, with a case of Budweiser at his feet, grinning like an ape.

"We went on up to my pad, and he showed me this big plastic bag of sinsemilla buds glistening with resin. It was part of his last year's crop, and he was all set to smoke some. Meanwhile, we were putting away those Buds—along with a bottle of Wild Turkey I had around.

"Before you know it, Brian's conked out on the couch. I couldn't shake, shout or drench the bastard out of his stupor. So I decided to drive over here. Since Alison had borrowed my car—hers was getting a tune-up—I took off in Brian's van. But you weren't home." Malcolm gave her a vaguely accusing look, as if he'd expected her to be at his disposal constantly.

"I was out with some friends," Tori

"I swear, Frank—I thought it was gas!"

said truthfully. She'd never forget the day Malcolm had "died."

"After that I drove down to Santa Monica and parked on the beach. I drank some more beer and then puked. Totally messed up, I crawled in the back of the van and went to sleep.

"In the morning, I drove up to a coffee shop. I looked pretty grimy by then, and what with a day's growth of beard, nobody recognized me behind my shades. I was sitting at the counter, drinking coffee. This guy next to me had a copy of the *Times*. I was staring blankly at the front page, and gradually my eyes focused on the headline: 'ROCK STAR DIES IN HOLLYWOOD BLAZE.'

"I leaned closer to read the story. The rock star was *me*. It really freaked me out. My apartment building had burned to the ground. They found Brian's body melted into the couch, burned beyond recognition, and they assumed without question that it was me. The arson inspectors saw a small hash pipe clutched in his charcoal fist, and searched no further for the cause of the fire. There was no need for an autopsy; so two days later they buried 'Malcolm Blaquelourd.' They were rid of me at last—or so they thought." He laughed scornfully.

"So what then?" she asked.

"It took me less than an hour to figure it out: I didn't have to go back. I was free. And I had a place to go.

"It didn't take much effort to find Brian's land. It was easy to fade into the scenery up there—thick woods, and maybe five or six people for miles around. Nobody questioned me; they hardly even noticed me. I grew a beard and a bunch of marijuana . . . and one year turned into two years . . . and pretty soon it was ten."

"What made you decide to come back?" Tori asked.

"Unfinished business . . . and you."

Tori felt a stroke of uneasiness. She avoided eye contact.

"I'm taking you back with me," he proclaimed, lighting another cigarette.

She laughed nervously. "Bullshit."

"We can fly to Eureka tomorrow."

Tori studied his face. He was serious. Chills of renewed fear began to worm through her. "There's no way I could leave that soon," she said hesitantly.

He sat up and fixed his eyes on hers. "Why not?"

"I've got the Purple Haze, my friends, my—"

"They all mean more to you than what *I* can give you?" He waited for her retort. And when she gave none, he relaxed, assuming that no was her answer. "This time I'm not leaving you behind." He spoke softly, but his voice held an iron bolt of dominance.

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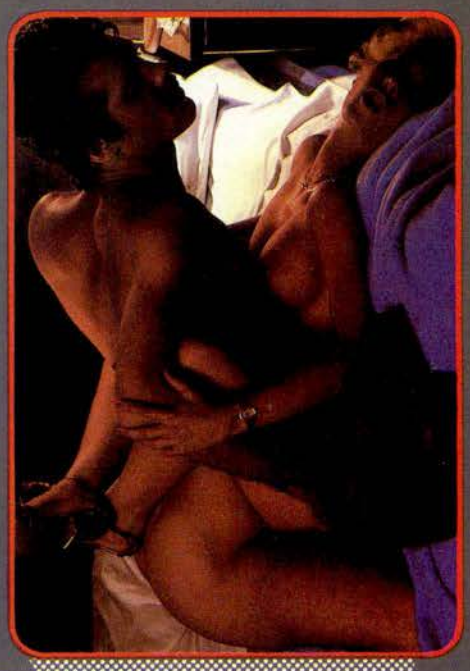

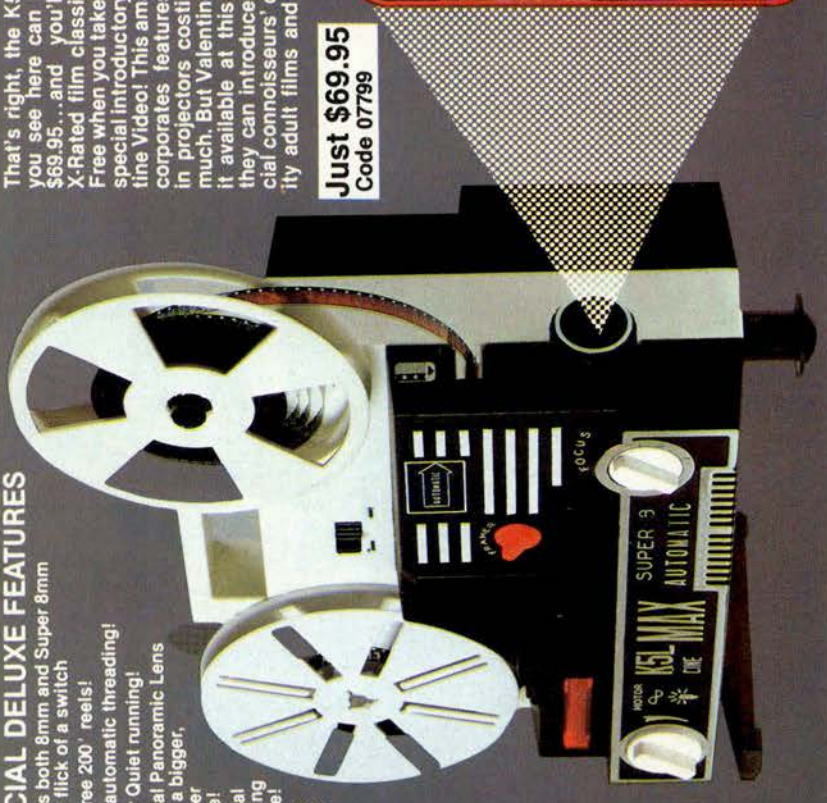

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Tori knew Malcolm well enough to realize the argument was finished. The decision was made. She was suddenly swamped by the reality of Doug Spooner's slashed throat, and the unknowable agony inflicted on Alison and Nick . . . and yet she knew Malcolm was immune to any intervention by the law. After all, he was legally dead. He would hardly be high on the list of suspects.

"Why haven't you told me that you love me, Tori?"

"I love you, Malcolm," she lied.

"Good. Get me another drink."

Tori returned with a glass of scotch in each hand. Then she began to rummage in drawers, fiddle in the closet—anything to cover her quivering fear.

"What are you fuckin' with?"

"Just . . . uh . . . deciding what to take with me—"

"Come here!"

She continued to search through the closet. "It must be pretty cold up there in the winter. I'll probably need—"

"I said, come here!" he ordered.

"What's the matter?" She came and sat beside him, smiling and rigid. Malcolm gripped her arm, digging his fingers into her flesh. "What are you up to?"

"Nothing! I told you, I'm getting my shit together."

"Bullshit!" he shouted. "What are you trying to hide?"

"*Nothing*," she pleaded. "I'm *excited* about going with you—really, Malcolm, I am."

His eyes searched her face. Then, apparently satisfied with her response, he relaxed his grip on her arm. He set down his glass with a heavy thud. "I must've had too much to drink," he muttered. He took hold of Tori's shoulders. "Trust me," he whispered. But the glitter in his eyes was gone, and the lids began to droop.

Malcolm reached automatically for his glass. "Trust me," he repeated. He downed the remains of the scotch, and his mouth curled up in bitter distaste. Suddenly, the glass slipped from his slack fingers and bounced onto the carpet. With a heavy, rippling sigh he slumped back onto the bed.

Tori held her breath. She shook his shoulder—lightly, at first—then vigorously. To her grateful surprise, the Nembutal she'd emptied into his glass had succeeded beyond her expectations.

* * *

Tori was racing east, along the San Bernardino Freeway. Time was leaking away—and with it so were the effects of the knockout drug and what was left of the night.

At last she was surrounded by desert—nothing but sand, scrub vegetation and tumbleweed for miles around. She picked an exit at random and drove until the freeway lights were tiny specks in the distance. In a black world of silence she stopped the car.

She got out and stood behind the Jaguar. Fear like a fist squeezed her stomach. Praying silently, she turned the trunk key and lifted the lid. Malcolm lay folded into a fetal position, barely breathing, and she wrestled him onto the ground. With trembling hands she poured gasoline over his outstretched body until the can was empty.

There were some old newspapers next to the spare tire, and she crumpled a couple of sheets into a ball. After igniting the paper with a match, she hesitated for an instant, looking briefly at Malcolm's helpless form. She threw the flaming ball his way.

An explosion of light and a ghastly roar engulfed the gas puddle and the core of flesh it surrounded. Tori thought she heard a muffled scream, but hoped it was only her guilty imagination. The fire burned a long time. She waited until the last flickers had dwindled away. Then she walked closer to see what was left. She felt a deep sense of peace.

Dawn was beginning to bleach the sky above the distant rim of the desert as Tori drove away, leaving behind the incinerated remains of the legendary Malcolm Blaquelourd.

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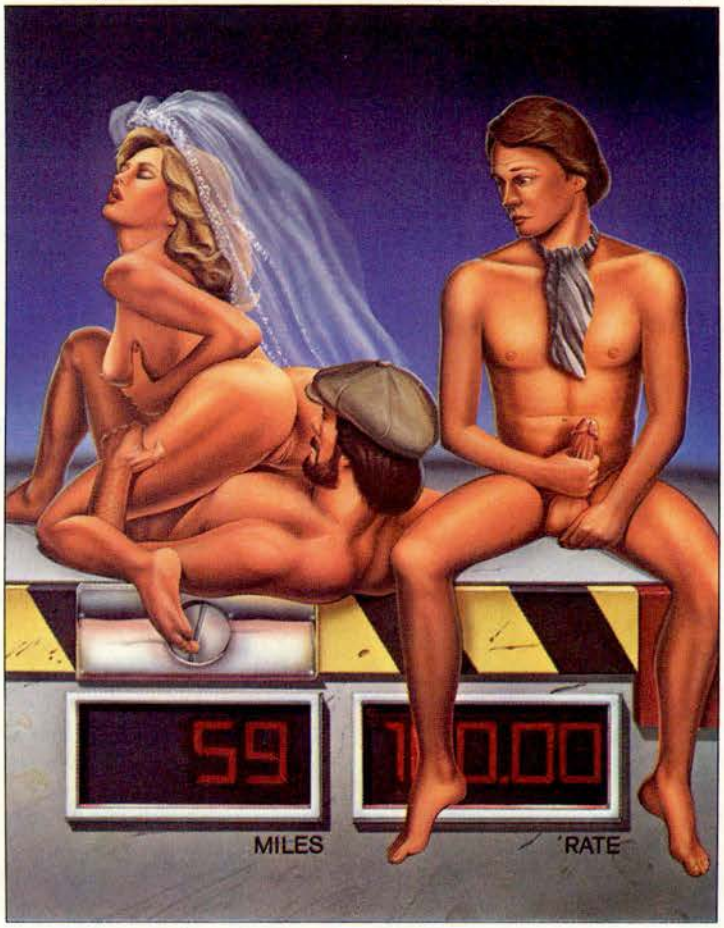


FARE PLAY FOR THE CABBIE

by Al Roberts

Being a cabdriver in Reno, Nevada, isn't the most glamorous job in the world, or the highest paying. But I like it because cabbies are always meeting interesting people, especially in a city with the kind of all-night action that Reno has. The gambling casinos never close, and people come from all over to get married—or divorced.

But I want to tell you about this bride and groom I had in my cab one night. They were so kinky, they really took the cake—the wedding cake, that is!

It was early December, and I was having one of my lousiest nights ever. For six hours' driving I had maybe 15 bucks. Man, I wanted to hang it up and get cozy with a little broad. Then the dispatcher sent me on a call—to a local wedding chapel.

As soon as I pulled up to the curb, a beautiful blonde and a handsome, redheaded guy in their late 20s came running out and jumped in. Her in a long, white wedding gown, him in a tux. No big deal! I'd hauled plenty of newlyweds before, at all hours of the day and night.

The groom gave me an out-of-town address, and off we went—simple as that. My only thought was that it was a nice fare.

Well, before we were even out of the downtown area, the hanky-panky started. Petting, kissing, even grab-ass isn't unusual in the backseat. But these two were breathing like they'd run a marathon. It was all I could do to keep my eyes on the road instead of sneaking a peek back there. She was panting and feverishly insisting, "Now! Oh, *now . . . now . . .* I can't wait!"

The next thing I knew, the groom shoved a 20 in my face. "Pretend nothing's happening," he whispered, all out of breath.

"You got it, Mac," I replied, stuffing the bill in my pocket.

I could hear a lot of shifting around and mumbling, followed by a moment of silence, then a few gasps of pleasure on the bride's part before she let out a deep moan of ecstasy. Curious as hell, I decided to turn the rearview mirror down so I could see them, and hoped I didn't hit a tree.

The bride was lying prone on the seat, her gown pulled up high and her knees spread out wide as the groom furiously ate her pussy. I'll say this for him—he gave her everything she wanted.

By the time we reached a little white bungalow outside town, she'd had three orgasms and was working on another. I didn't mind waiting until she came again. After all, they didn't seem to care that we were at their destination and that I was checking out their erotic exhibition. When the lady came again, she was smiling—but the man was totally dazed.

He struggled upright and fumbled for a cigarette, leaving his bride lying there, legs spread, gown still up around her waist, wiggling seductively. "Oooo, honey! Don't stop *now!*" she begged, rubbing her pussy.

But he begged off, and she reluctantly adjusted her bridalwear and got out of the cab. Her knees were a little wobbly, but she seemed game. She grinned and told me she hoped they hadn't made it too hard on me. I felt sorry for the guy, figuring he was in for a life of hell as this cockteaser went after every dude on the block.

He tipped me twice what the trip had cost. And then to my surprise they had a whispered conversation, and I was invited in for a couple of drinks. "I don't think we've introduced ourselves," he said. "I'm Tim, and this is Sally."

"I'm Al. Pleased to meet you. Just one thing, folks. I'll have to keep the meter running if I come in. Company policy."

He shoved me two 20s, which covered the situation more than nicely, and a few minutes later we were sipping drinks at a little bar in their plush den. One drink, and Sally laughingly announced she wanted to change into something more comfortable.

With her out of the room, Tim told me he hadn't had any sleep for 48 hours. His buddies, he said, had thrown a bachelor party, and three gals had drained him. He asked if I'd "entertain" his wife for a few hours to give him a chance to recover before their wedding night formally began. How I was supposed to entertain her he didn't say—I was just supposed to keep her occupied while he snoozed. And to seal things, he slapped down a $100 bill to hold the taxi. He left without even waiting to see if I agreed.

While I tried to figure out who was shitting who, Sally came slinking toward me. She was wearing her bridal veil and white shoes—but nothing else. My cock hardened as her huge boobs jiggled with every step. "Looks like you're going to be best man," she whispered sexily as she perched on the padded stool beside

Illustration by John Andrews

me. "Think you're up to it?" I got up and kissed her nipples fast, and she wasted no time removing my pants and shorts. She took my prick and caressed it gently for a moment before guiding it to the center of her twat.

As soon as I was in place, ready to slip into her, she leaned back on her stool, drew her knees up and locked her legs around my waist. In seconds I sank into the hottest cunt I'd ever felt. Tight too. As I held the cheeks of Sally's ass, I fucked her with long, hard strokes until we both came.

"You've got the biggest dick I've ever had in me. I've got to have it again," she said urgently as my spent cock soaked in her fabulous pussy.

"Like this?" I grinned.

"No . . . in bed," she gasped. After I pulled out, she led me to the guest room. Sally said to strip while she checked on her husband. I was lying nude across the bed when she came back, a bit nervous. "How upset would you get if I asked you to let Tim . . . uh . . . watch us?"

I thought about it a minute before asking her, in a good-natured way, to level with me. It wasn't their wedding night, she admitted. They'd been married six years. It was all an elaborate scheme to entice a stranger to come over for sexual purposes. After getting fucked by the guy, she'd hurry to bed with her husband. Seems it turned him on to eat her pussy after seeing someone shoot off in her. It helped him keep an erection. In fact, before I left, I found out he'd been watching through a half-closed door while Sally and I were going at it in the den.

And if that wasn't kinky enough, she explained that the wedding dress was part of only this particular charade. The two of them played many other games as well. Their latest scenario was the young bride getting violated by another man before her husband could make her.

What the hell? I thought. *If he wants to watch, let him! It's on his time, not mine. The meter's still ticking.*

When I nodded that it was okay, she smiled and fell forward across the bed so that her head was between my outspread legs. Leaning on her elbows, she took my cock and kissed the head before letting it slide between her lips. My prick rose up like a pole. But she wasn't ready to make me come. She let it pop out and then stood up. "I'm going to love sucking you off!" she said as she ran off to fetch her husband.

Tim came in by himself a few minutes later, naked and smiling sheepishly, and sat down in an easy chair. In a few minutes Sally, the "bride," joined us.

To my surprise, she had put her drip-dry wedding gown back on. Glancing at her husband with a smile and a wink, she fell between my legs again. My dick had wilted in Tim's presence, but it became as hard as steel after she slid it into her mouth.

When she sensed I couldn't hold back, she pulled away from my penis and jacked me off until hot cum spurted into her wide-open mouth. This girl loved jizz. Hungrily, she took my cock in her mouth again and sucked me dry while making contented gurgling sounds.

Before long she sat up on her knees and scurried forward until she was straddling my still-hard shaft. She guided it into her sopping pussy as she bunched the snow-white wedding gown up around her waist so her husband could see her take in my full erection. But as soon as she sat down on my rod and started fucking me, she leaned forward and whispered hotly, "Ooo . . . that's great! Now tear my dress off, and *you* fuck *me!*"

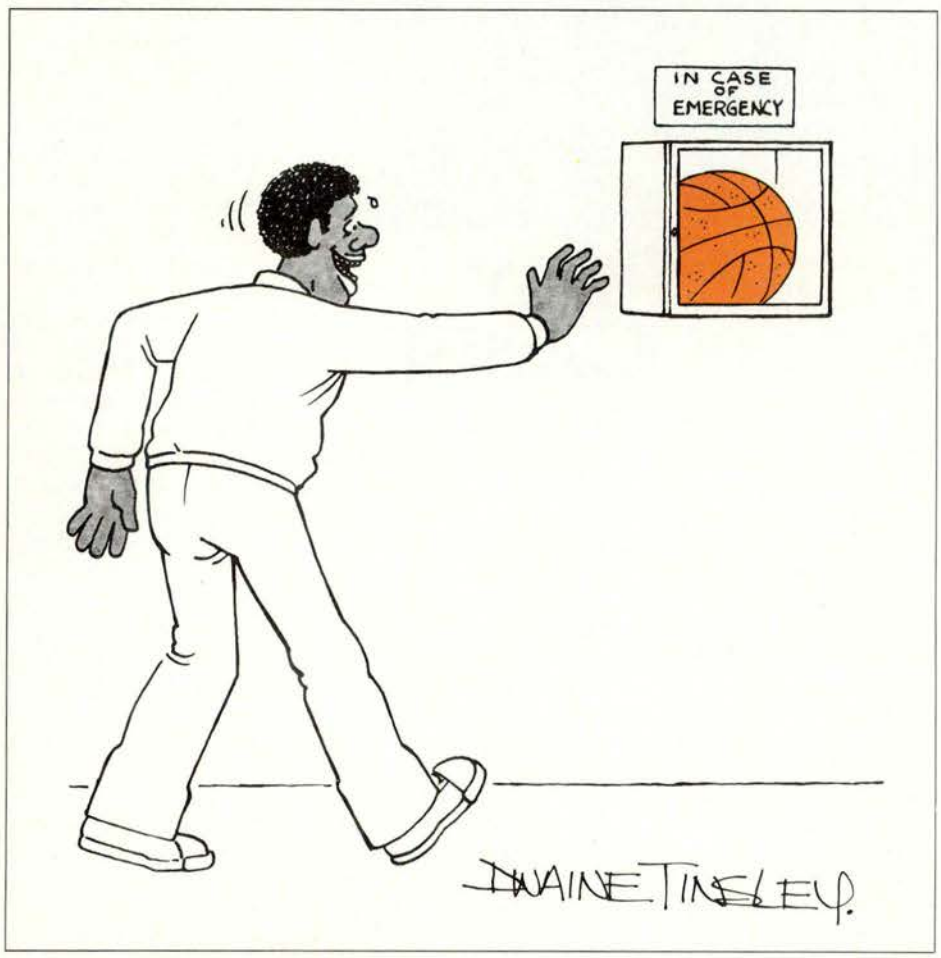
Tear her *dress* off?! When she'd be needing it again soon? When Sally saw my stunned expression, though, she muttered, "Velcro. Don't worry." Starting in front at the hem of her gown, she ripped the whole damn thing apart from bottom to top, like a big zipper!

Without missing a hump she pulled off the sleeves and tossed the gown over to her husband. Tim grabbed it and started rubbing it over his cock. For my part, I was happily pumping in and out of his wife's cunt and caressing her sumptuous breasts while she had one orgasm after another.

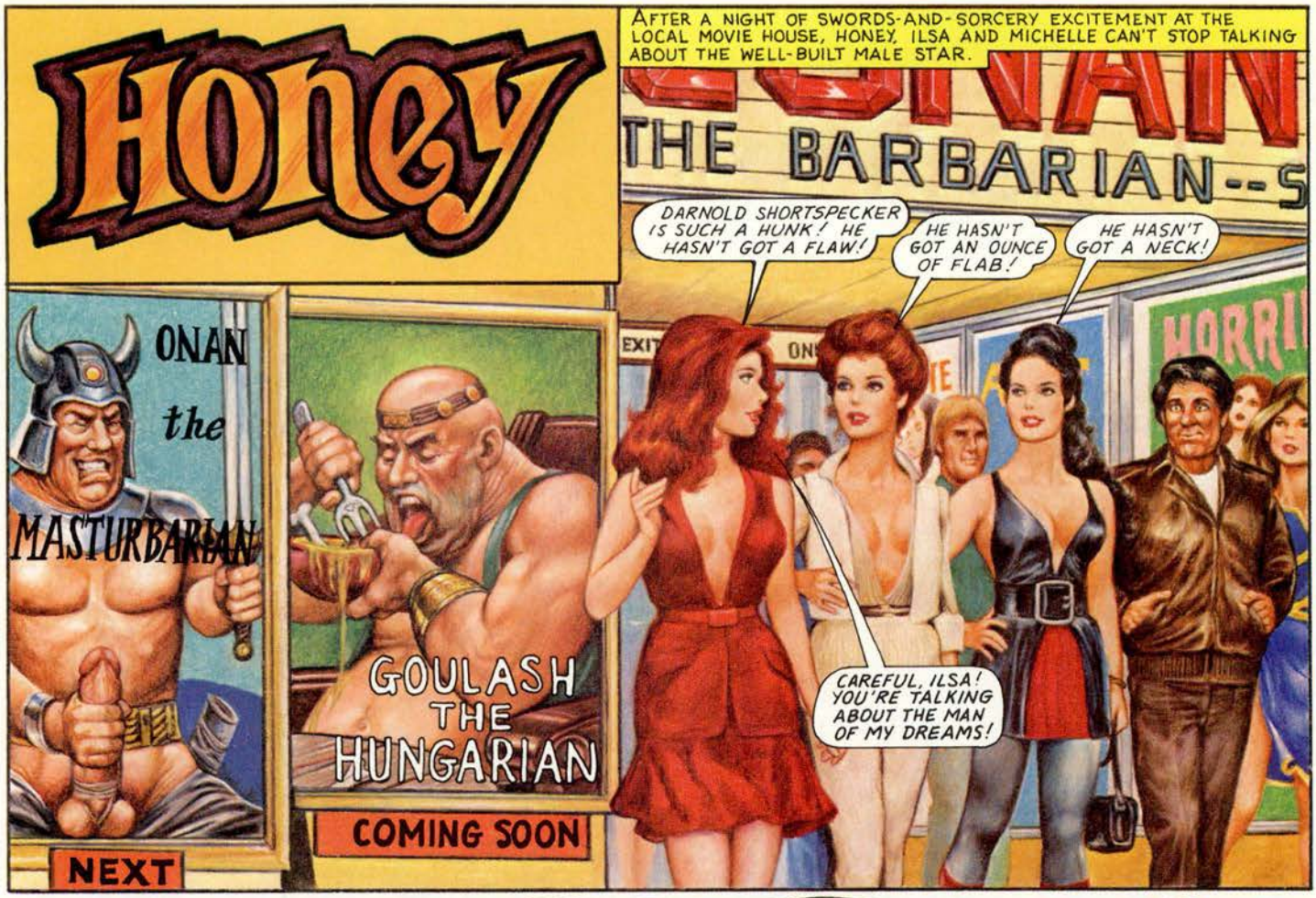
Then I remembered Sally had said she wanted *me* to fuck *her*. So, without ever pulling out, I fucked her while we lay on our sides facing each other. Next I fucked her from above, in the good old missionary position. I pulled out for a minute, took a deep breath and told her to get on her hands and knees so I could fuck her doggy-style.

Finally, I rubbed saliva on my cock and eased into her tight asshole as she leaned over the foot of the bed. I looked back at Tim, who was beating off with the wedding gown while finger-fucking his own ass. I took his idea and finger-banged Sally's cunt while fucking her bunghole. As far as I could tell, the three of us all came at the same time.

After that, we showered together, and Sally made some coffee for me. Back in the cab, I checked the meter, gave Tim his proper change and drove off. When the dispatcher asked why I hadn't called in for so long, I said I'd driven an expectant woman to the hospital and had stuck around to be sure the baby was born safely. As I left the office, I thought, *Boy, if Sally isn't on the Pill, that story may soon come true.*



Honey



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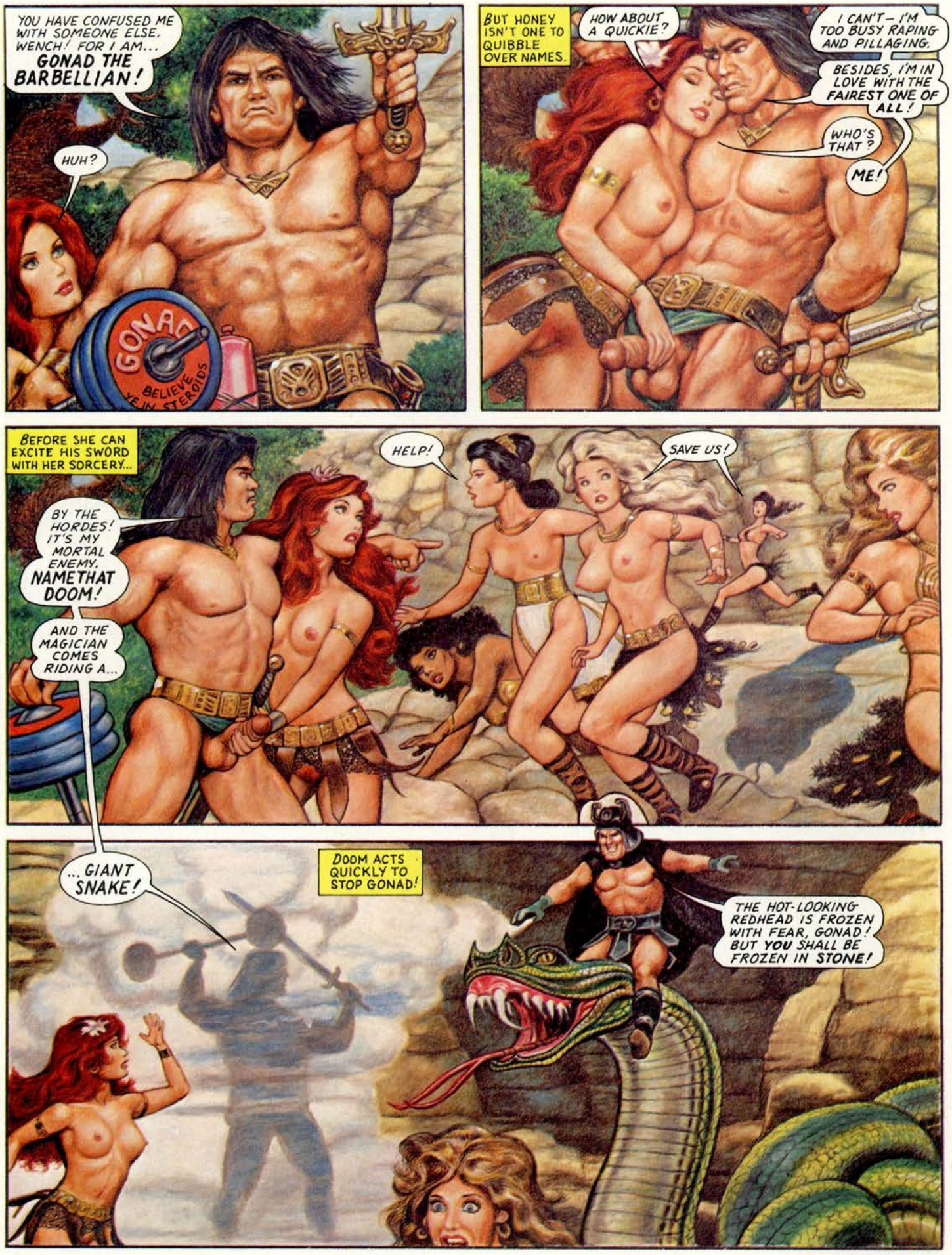
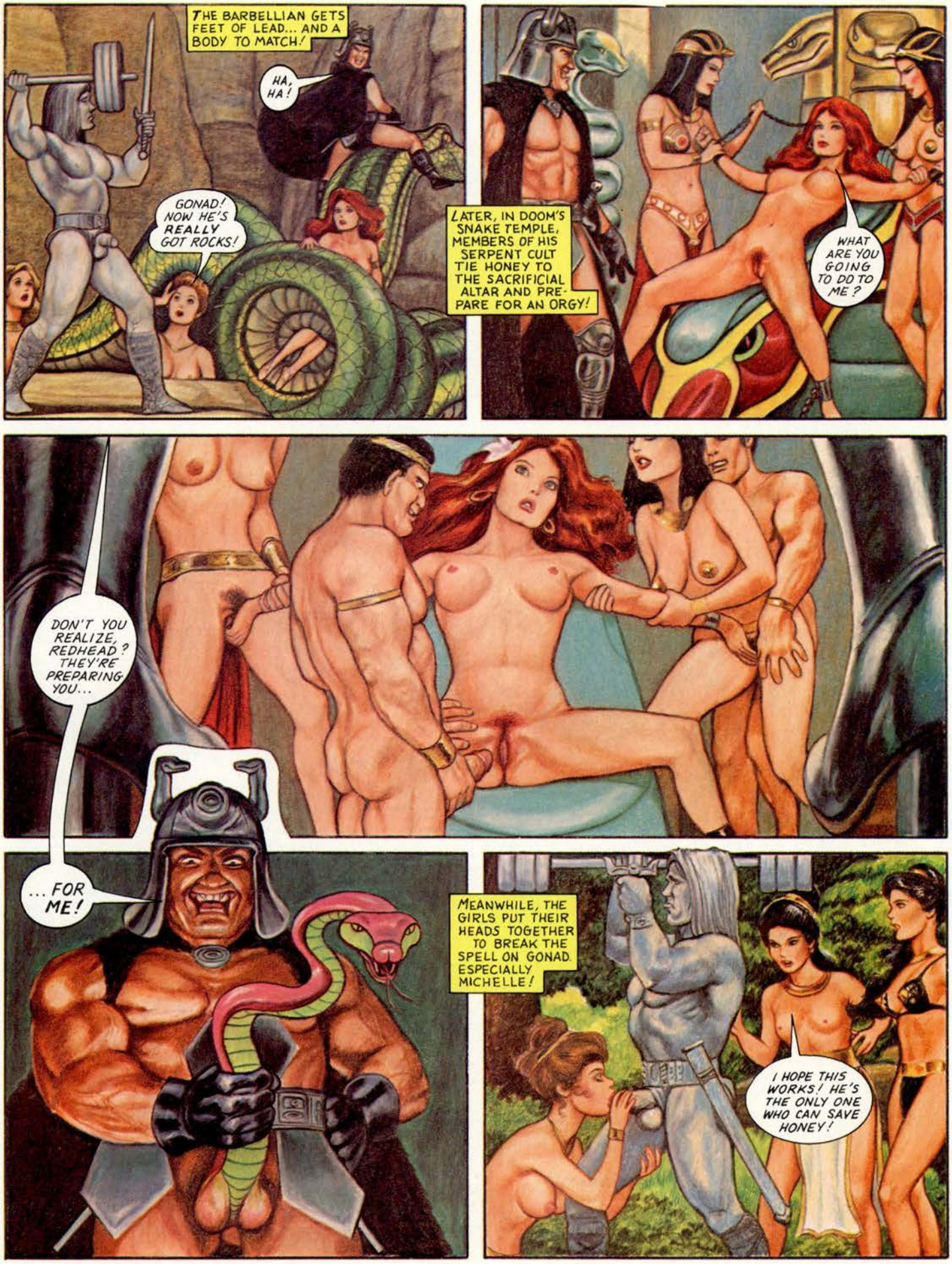

YOU HAVE CONFUSED ME WITH SOMEONE ELSE, WENCH! FOR I AM... GONAD THE BARBELLIAN!
HUH?
GONAD
BELIEVE IN STEROIDS
BUT HONEY ISN'T ONE TO QUIBBLE OVER NAMES.
HOW ABOUT A QUICKIE?
I CAN'T – I'M TOO BUSY RAPING AND PILLAGING.
BESIDES, I'M IN LOVE WITH THE FAIREST ONE OF ALL!
WHO'S THAT?
ME!
BEFORE SHE CAN EXCITE HIS SWORD WITH HER SORCERY...
BY THE HORDES! IT'S MY MORTAL ENEMY, NAMETHAT DOOM!
AND THE MAGICIAN COMES RIDING A...
HELP!
SAVE US!
...GIANT SNAKE!
DOOM ACTS QUICKLY TO STOP GONAD!
THE HOT-LOOKING REDHEAD IS FROZEN WITH FEAR, GONAD! BUT YOU SHALL BE FROZEN IN STONE!


THE BARBELLIAN GETS FEET OF LEAD... AND A BODY TO MATCH!
HA, HA!
GONAD! NOW HE'S REALLY GOT ROCKS!
LATER, IN DOOM'S SNAKE TEMPLE, MEMBERS OF HIS SERPENT CULT TIE HONEY TO THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR AND PREPARE FOR AN ORGY!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
DON'T YOU REALIZE, REDHEAD? THEY'RE PREPARING YOU...
... FOR ME!
MEANWHILE, THE GIRLS PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER TO BREAK THE SPELL ON GONAD. ESPECIALLY MICHELLE!
I HOPE THIS WORKS! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE HONEY!

BACK AT THE SNAKE PIT...
NO!!! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!!!
AND SHE'S RIGHT!
UNHAND HER, YOU VILE SERPENT! A KISS ON GONAD'S GONADS HAS BROKEN YOUR SPELL!
GONAD! THANK HEAVEN!
KRONK!
CLANK!
LIKE A TRUE BARBELLIAN, I WILL TAKE YOU NOW ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE! GIVE YOURSELF TO ME!
I'D LOVE TO... BUT THIS RINGING IN MY EARS... FEELS SO FUNNY...
RRRIIIIIINNNGGG!
BUT THE BEST PLANS TO GET LAID OFTEN GO ASTRAY...
IF ONLY THAT MUSCLE-BOUND GOON HADN'T WAITED SO LONG! JUST MY LUCK, HE DOESN'T GET UP UNTIL I HAVE TO!
THE END

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

CHARGE WITH CARE

Almost all of us find credit cards convenient. Our economy is, to a large degree, based on credit these days. As our readers no doubt realize, many of the products and services advertised in HUSTLER can be purchased by simply reading off a few numbers over the telephone. It has come to the attention of *Mail-Order Feedback* that certain problems have arisen from this practice. One such complaint came from a man who intended to buy some telephone sex but wound up getting more than he bargained for.

Our reader told us he dialed *Phone Sex Now*, which caters to the audio-porn lover. He gave his credit-card number, received service and hung up. Being worried, he decided to call back and verify the $20 advertised fee. The woman at *Phone Sex Now* told him his bill came to $35. After arguing to no avail, our reader contacted us. We got in touch with the *Phone Sex* people and discovered our distraught patron was duped—but *not* ripped off. The ad (which appeared on page 107 of HUSTLER's May issue) did mention $20, but it was worded as follows: "Call . . . (213) 854-3425 or send $20 to Michelle, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #160, Los Angeles, CA 90046."

The misunderstanding was caused by the poor wording of this ad. Reading it carefully, one recognizes that the $20 price is applicable only to those customers who pay by mail, not to those who provide a credit-card number while making the call. The woman at *Phone Sex* insisted that company policy dictates quoting the $35 fee to charging customers. She refused to comment when we inquired about callers who don't bother to ask the price. By the way, *Phone Sex Now* plans to reword its ad.

Take our advice: Whenever you use a credit card to make a phone purchase, verify the price *before* you hang up. Also, get the name of the person helping you, and jot it down next to a written record of the transaction. When you get your bill, compare the prices. If they're different, you have cause to investigate; do not remit payment until the matter is resolved. It takes only a little extra effort to avoid the perils of plastic.

WHERE DOES IT GO?

I've been curious about something for quite a while. I read the ads in the back of HUSTLER faithfully and have noticed various companies with the same address. In your June issue, four firms were listed at 7317 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046. What's the story? —*F.T.*
Salem, Oregon

It's nice to know we have such perceptive readers. Fact is, we were curious about this too; so we took a drive out to 7317 Melrose Avenue ourselves and had a chat with the man in charge there, John Gordon. Gordon told us that his location was nothing but a mail drop used by 16 companies that place ads for sexually oriented materials in dozens of publications, not just HUSTLER.

According to Mr. Gordon, the mail comes in from all over the country every morning. His job is simply to sort it, bundle it and transport it down the street to Dane Advertising Agency, where the letters are opened, tallied and rebundled. Later in the day they are picked up by individual dealers.

A mail drop allows a firm to use several names for a product and still receive its correspondence in one bundle. It also, however, puts men like John Gordon in the unenviable position of being between a ripped-off customer and the company itself. Gordon assured us he does his best to make sure complaints are expedited. As in so many cases, though, getting to the source doesn't ensure that the problem will be resolved.

When we asked Gordon about this, he confirmed that he has been confronted by upset patrons from time to time. "A guy came in here with a gun once," he informed us. "I just told him I'd pass his complaint on. It's all I can ever do."

However, if any HUSTLER reader does business with a mail drop without getting results, be sure to let *Mail-Order Feedback* know about it.

TO FLY OR NOT TO FLY

Are spurious Spanish-fly drops and capsules, which are supposed to turn a woman on, legit? —*J. C.*
Torrance, California

Perhaps we should first dispel the myth of Spanish fly. The substance is derived from dried beetles found in southern Europe. It has been used successfully in veterinary medicine to get reluctant bulls to mate, because it produces a urogenital irritation that is temporarily relieved by copulation.

In humans, though, Spanish fly produces a much-different effect. The resulting irritation may lead to an erection in men, or vaginal lubrication in women, but these are involuntary manifestations of the substance, *not* true evidence of sexual stimulation. In fact, Spanish fly is poisonous, and large doses have been known to cause stomach pains, bladder and kidney damage, shock and, in extreme cases, death. So stay away from the stuff—that is, if you can find it.

What J. C. refers to in his letter is an imitation Spanish fly, which is designed to make you *think* you're aroused. *Spurious* means "similar to something without having genuine qualities." In other words, it's a fake.

In the past, *Mail-Order Feedback* has received similar questions concerning imitation sexual devices and aphrodisiacs. In March 1981 we talked about placebos with respect to penis enlargers and stay-hard pills. Then, in October 1981, we reiterated the fact that advertisers love to use words like *spurious* and *placebo* because it protects them from being prosecuted for marketing things that aren't worth a shit. As long as we receive inquiries, HUSTLER will continue to discuss this practice. Until then, take it from us: A tongue in the twat is worth more than a "fly" in the drink.

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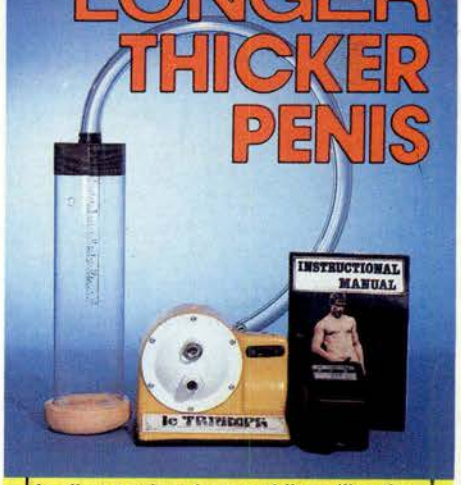

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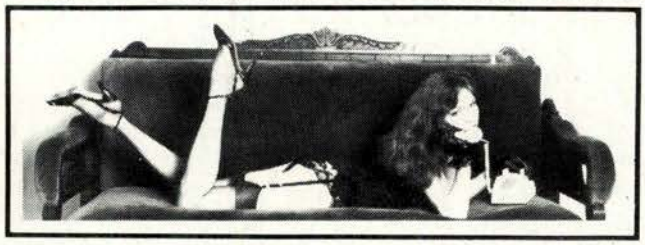
NEW YORK'S SEXY PHONE AFFAIRS



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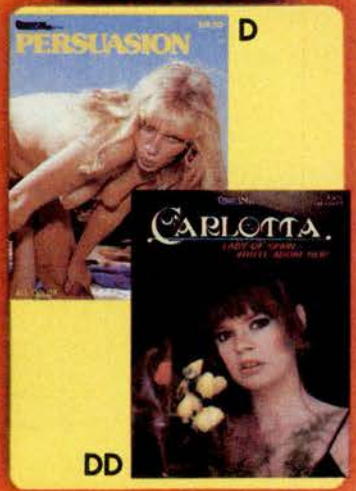
BOY & GIRL



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96 PG. EUROPEAN STYLE

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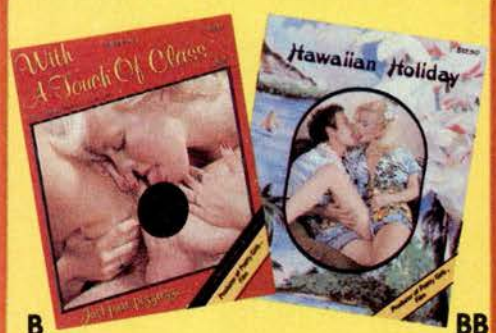
PLATINUM BEAUTIES



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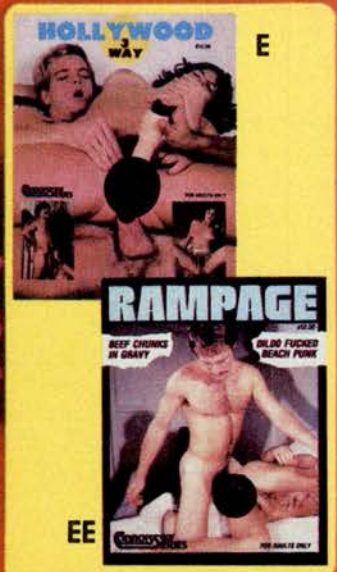

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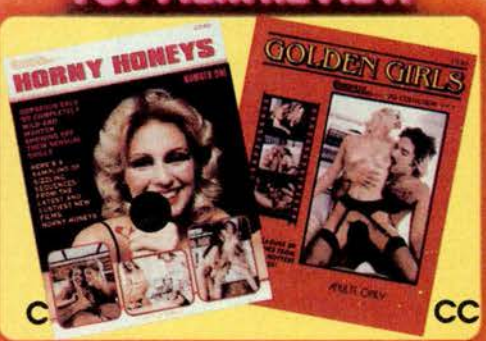
TOP FILM REVIEW



C CC

INTERRACIAL

G GG

PACIFIC PLEASURE
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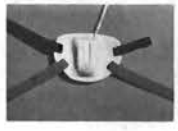

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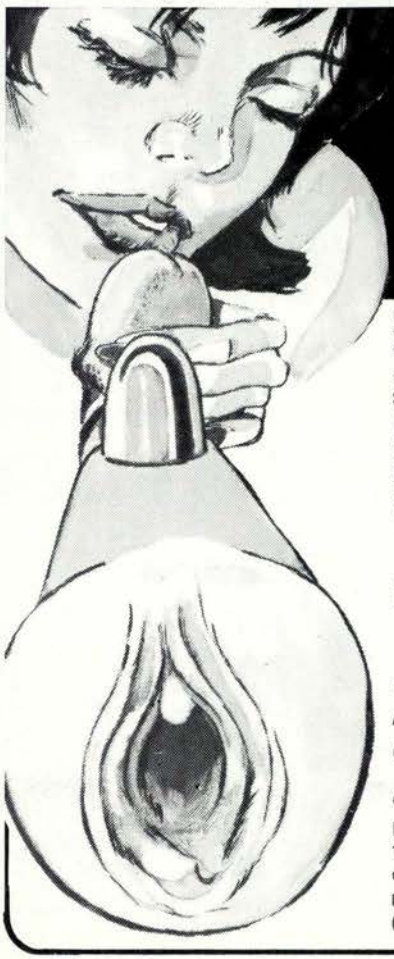

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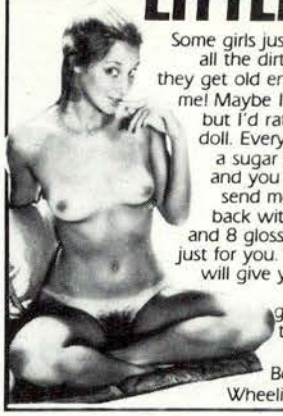

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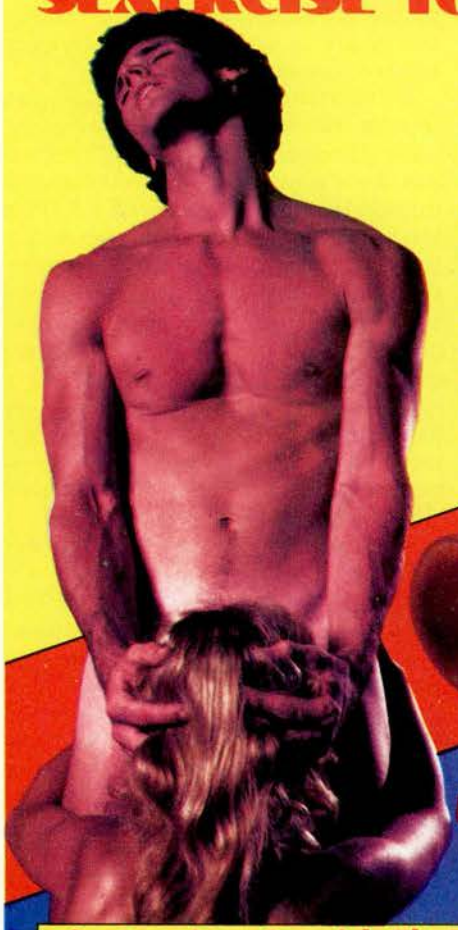

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(continued from page 60)

ment hopes to house these millions of nuclear-age refugees at makeshift public and private shelters. Bulldozers would be used to plow earth against walls and windows, but it's unlikely there would be sufficient time or bulldozers to accomplish the job.

Other refugees would be directed to remote homes, churches and schools, or to families and friends in locales labeled as "host" areas. ("How are we supposed to feed 19,000 people?" asks A. J. Jorishie, mayor of Webster Springs, West Virginia. His town of 1,000 has been designated as a "host" area for those evacuating Washington, D.C. "We have two food stores," Jorishie adds. "It's hard to feed ourselves.")

During evacuation procedures, host areas are supposed to receive critical supplies to accommodate incoming survivors. But what if badly needed food didn't arrive—or if it arrived in contaminated form? Chaos triggering widespread incidents of violence could easily erupt. As the mood of people fighting for their lives undoubtedly turned uglier, normal standards of behavior would be replaced by jungle law. It would be survival of the fittest.

Such fears, fueled by some very basic save-your-own-ass instincts, have sparked a significant rebirth in the home fallout-shelter business. Shelters are being dug by the thousands all over the country, and manufacturers of those backyard bunkers say sales are booming.

To capitalize on this alternative concept of survival, real-estate developer Lane Blackmore is building Terrene Ark I—a plush, 240-unit underground condominium complex near La Verkin, Utah. His brochure boasts "an attractive retreat/residence providing survival, safety and security in time of nuclear war! civil strife! economic collapse! natural disaster! breakdown of law and order!"

"At first I was afraid we would be getting kooks from the fringes of society," says Blackmore. "But we're getting doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers and airline pilots as buyers."

The cost for a furnished apartment, a year's supply of dried food, use of a swimming pool, tennis courts and running track, and access to the complex's decontamination facilities ranges from $26,000 to $97,000. More than 70 of these shelters have already been sold.

But consumers can easily purchase and install a private bunker right at home. For $100,000 the Nuclear Fallout Shelter and Bombshelter Supply and Construction Company of Muncy Valley, Pennsylvania, will build a nine-room, 90′ X 66′ concrete-and-steel-reinforced shelter five feet underground. The price includes air-filtration and water-purification systems, and radiation meters.

The company has orders to build two such shelters at undisclosed sites in New Jersey. (Apparently, the anonymous buyers don't want wayward survivors knocking on their steel doors after an attack.) Each shelter can withstand pressure of 265 pounds per square inch, enough to protect its inhabitants from even nearby nuclear blasts.

The shelter revival is not limited to the United States. In the traditionally neutral nation of Switzerland an astounding 4.75 million nuclear-proof shelters have been built underground for its 6.3 million people. In addition, there are subterranean community shelters, hospitals and medical-aid centers throughout the alpine country.

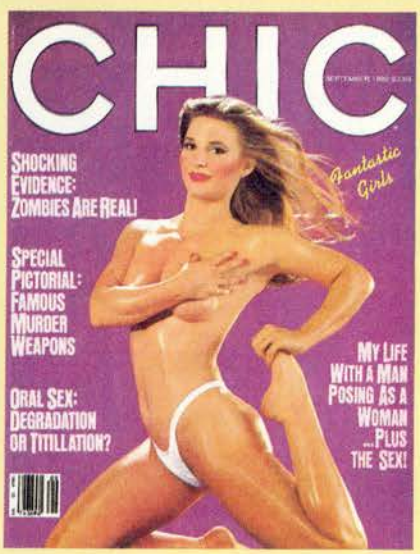
Even the Vatican plans to build a $1.6-million bomb shelter 16 feet below the Papal garden in Rome. A Vatican spokesman says the shelter is intended not to save the Pope, but to house 70,000 rare manuscripts and 1 million books—including, incidentally, the world's largest collection of pornography—in a vault ten feet high and a half-mile wide. The concrete-and-metal shelter will provide protection against radioactive fallout but will not withstand a direct hit.

"It's not that we have any less confidence in Divine Providence," says the Right Reverend Alfonso Stickler. "But God helps those who help themselves."

Bomb shelters are also enjoying a renaissance in far-off Australia. "They're becoming more popular than swimming pools," says Jeff Love, a Sydney builder who branched into the shelter business last summer. "I've been getting 30 or 40 calls a day." Fittingly, Australia was the setting for *On the Beach*, the 1950s novel and movie about the last survivors on Earth awaiting the arrival of radioactive fallout after a nuclear war.

Most of us, however, will probably end up doing something suggested by Ted Janiszewski, a Connecticut Office of Civil Planning analyst. "If the Bomb were to go off in a half-hour, all we could do would be to dig a hole or go down into a basement and get as low as possible," he shrugs. "And then we'd hope for the best."

The bottom line is that the Soviet Union and the United States have more than enough nuclear weapons to wipe out each other's population many times over—and perhaps to destroy the whole planet as well. When deadly missiles start flying, there will be no place to hide.



You may think of zombies as fictional creatures in horror movies. But in Haiti the "dead" really walk. Pablo Fenjves' well-documented report on REAL-LIFE ZOMBIES lets you in on the bizarre details of this incredible phenomenon.

It's easy to jump to conclusions when you hear that a nine-year-old girl makes the rounds of punk nightclubs, singing and strutting her stuff onstage. Yet innocent-eyed Venus is reaching star status. Learn about her and her family's unusual lifestyle in Dean Cohen's CLOSE-UP.

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Plus, there's crazy fun in ODDS & ENDS, surprising facts in TRIVIA TRIP, inside scoops in MUSIC NOTES and a bevy of CHIC's beauties.

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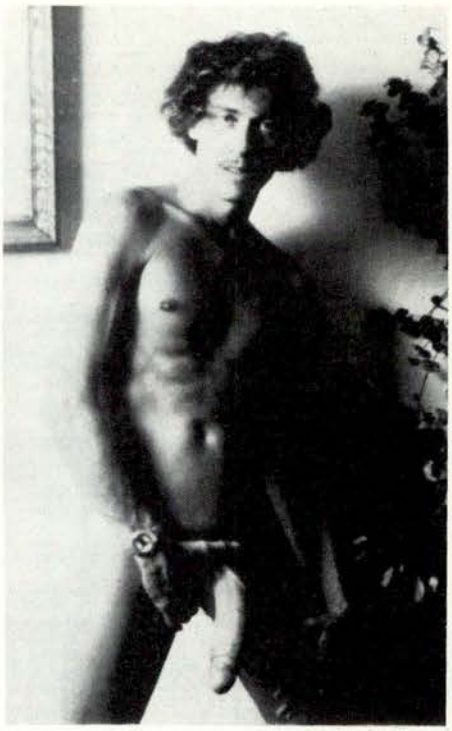

Our Annie knows men! She understands the complex problems "small" men can have, especially when they're about to perform with a woman.

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Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie . I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie . That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie , if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, *but* already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis *can* be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie , then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

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Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

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INTERVIEW: DAVID DUKE

(continued from page 52)

responsible for the majority of serious crimes. Of course, this is not what we see and hear on network television programs. And we don't read any national articles about this.

HUSTLER: Why do you suppose that's the case?

DUKE: Media bias. I'm not referring to HUSTLER in this regard. HUSTLER will take on issues other magazines won't. I don't like a lot of things that are in HUSTLER, but it's got guts. I'm sure the publishers of HUSTLER probably disagree with what I'm saying here, but at least they have the guts to run it. The real problem is the people who run the media.

HUSTLER: Who are they?

DUKE: The media is dominated by Jews. You know it, and everybody knows it. They own the store. As a result, the media—and by *media* I mean movies, TV, newspapers and magazines—is more a reflection of Jewish values than Western values. These Jews are not good Americans. They have no understanding of what America is. What we're seeing in Hollywood movies mistakenly reflects the values and basic traditions of our country and our race. Nothing in Hollywood is real.

HUSTLER: Can you be more specific?

DUKE: Sure. Take *Ragtime*, a movie that has been lauded by all the mass media, even though none of the critics have challenged the film's premise. It's about a black piano player named Coalhouse Walker who has manure thrown into his car by a white racist fireman. So Walker becomes a racist guerrilla—blowing up the firehouse, killing a white fireman and a white policeman, and committing acts of random terror. Yet he is made out to be a saint. *Ragtime*'s message to blacks is: If you feel you've been wronged by the white man, you have every right to go out and kill him.

In Margaret Mitchell's classic book *Gone With the Wind* a woman is raped by a black, and the Ku Klux Klan tries to bring him to justice. But in the movie version it's poor ruffian whites who commit the rape. On *Father Murphy* I once saw the mean, old Klan oppressing blacks who were portrayed as real honest, decent and loving people. The young white boy, on the other hand, was a terrible racist, bigot and hater.

Blacks complain that movies discriminated against them in the past because they were often portrayed as waiters and maids. But usually those waiters and maids were loyal, decent and wonderful people. Today that stereotype has been replaced with the racist, oppressive white. We see a constant parade of TV shows and movies in which whites beat and stab Negroes. On the typical TV detective story a poor, innocent black is falsely accused of a crime actually committed by some white guy. Meanwhile, the mean white people try to persecute this poor Negro. Do you want any more examples?

HUSTLER: Why not?

DUKE: Films and TV never show the other side of the Holocaust—the Christians slaughtered by Marxists in Europe and Asia. The famous Russian author Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn says more than 60 million people perished in Soviet prison camps. At least 30 million or 40 million more died in Chinese purges. Then why do we only hear about the Holocaust of Jews in Europe? Obviously, Jews gain certain advantages by promoting the Holocaust idea. It inspires tremendous financial aid for Israel. It makes organized Jewry almost immune from criticism. Whether the Holocaust is real or not, the Jews clearly have a motive for fostering the idea that it occurred. Not only do they have a motive, but they have the means with the media domination they now hold.

HUSTLER: Do you really doubt that the Holocaust occurred?

DUKE: Let's put it this way. I question whether 6 million Jews actually died in Nazi death camps. There are two major sources for Holocaust stories. One is the Nuremberg war-crimes trial, which has been shown by all honest historians to be a farce of justice. Another source is the great body of literature and media works, and at least 90% of that material is from biased Jewish sources.

In *Gulag Archipelago* Solzhenitsyn named the six top leaders of the Soviet death camps. All of them were Jews. So if we're going to talk about mass murder and extermination, we'd better get the whole story. We hear about the Holocaust of Jews by Germans, but we don't hear much about the holocaust *by* Jews. The whole issue is a red herring. The Jews have certain political ends that they're trying to achieve through the continued propagation of the Holocaust phenomenon.

HUSTLER: You seem to have it in for the Jews. What else bothers you about them?

DUKE: Their racist, chauvinistic religion. They don't evangelize. They don't try to recruit. It's a religion of blood. They say, "We are the chosen people of God." I don't know how much more chauvinistic you can get than to believe that you're God's favorites and that everybody else is second-class in God's view. Also, the Jews are *constantly* talking about preserving their 3- or 4,000-

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This table shows the actual figures from Dr. Richards' study:

Number showing enlargement	87.5%
Average increase in length	16.96%
Average increase in circumference	15.88%
Smallest increase in length recorded	2.6cms
Largest increase in length recorded	3.8cms
Smallest increase in circumference recorded	1.4cms
Largest increase in circumference recorded	3.1cms

AND AMONG THE CONTROL GROUP THAT DID NOT USE DR. RICHARDS' TEST METHOD, THERE WAS NO RECORDED CHANGE IN ANY INDIVIDUAL

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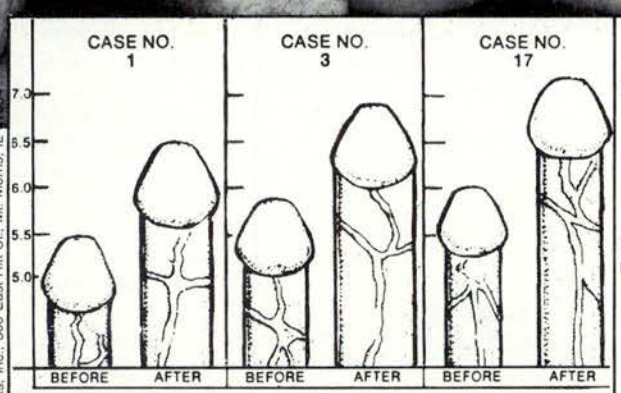

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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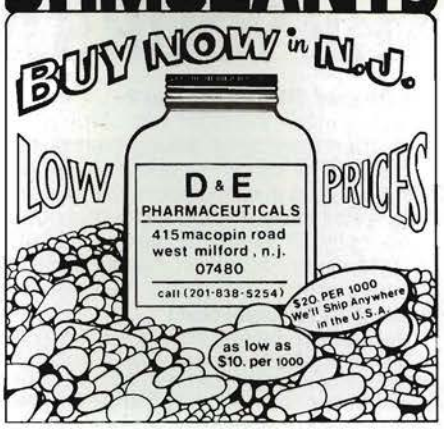

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year-old culture and values. In Jewish publications you always see reiteration of the dangers of intermarriage—how this will hurt the Jewish people in the long run.

HUSTLER: What's wrong with that? Aren't you saying essentially the same thing about preserving the white race?

DUKE: I don't fault Jews for being racist, but I fault their hypocrisy. They're trying to preserve their culture and heritage, and at the same time they want their own country for Jews—Israel. But meanwhile, they tell us Gentiles that we don't have the right to preserve our culture as European people. They suggest that somehow we're evil or hate-filled.

Actually, white people would be well advised to learn about Jewish racism. We'd better begin to worry about *our* people and *our* culture, or when this society goes black, it will look more like Uganda—more like the bush—than traditional America. Unless we start becoming concerned with preserving our way of life, we're going to lose it. And that would be a great tragedy.

HUSTLER: Do you honestly believe there's anything you personally or an organization of 3,000 people can do to change the course of race relations in this country?

DUKE: Yes, I do. I hear people all the time who agree with what we're saying about Affirmative Action, busing and preserving the whiteness of America. But the trouble with white people is we just don't stick together. We lack the will right now. We've been taught guilt by the national media. Some of our vital energies have been sapped. We need people who are going to be able to think and to stand up and fight. Any day it may come to defending home and family—right on the street.

HUSTLER: Earlier you insisted you were nonviolent. Are you now advocating violence?

DUKE: I'm not saying we'll have to stand up with our fists, but it may come to that. Violence is always the last resort, and I don't think it's justified except in extremely rare cases. As long as people have the opportunity to fight legally, they have the moral obligation to do so. But if the point comes where people are denied the freedom to express their opinions, even in a rudimentary manner, then they have a right to resort to violence. That's what's going on in Poland.

I genuinely feel there's going to be increased racial conflict in America that may evolve into a racial war. Revolution has happened before in many other stable and powerful societies. I don't think this country is immune.

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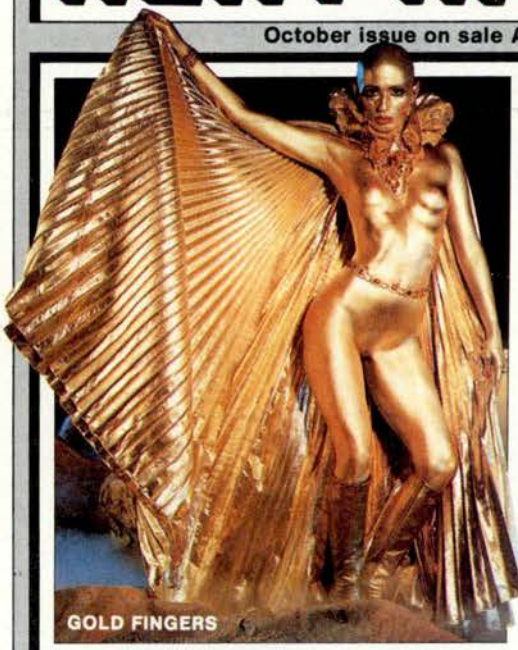

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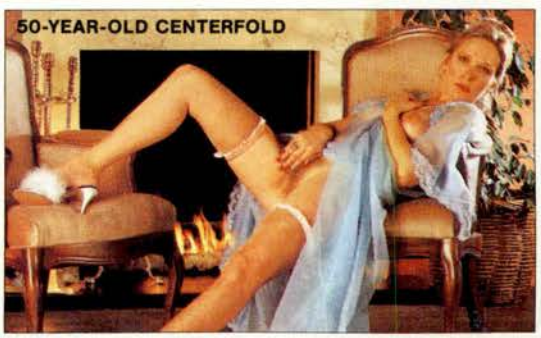

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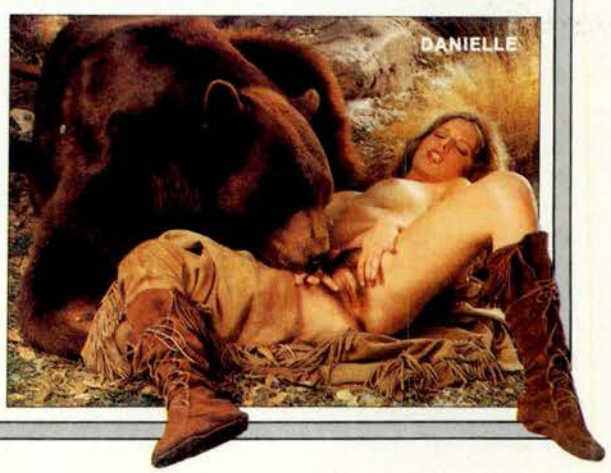

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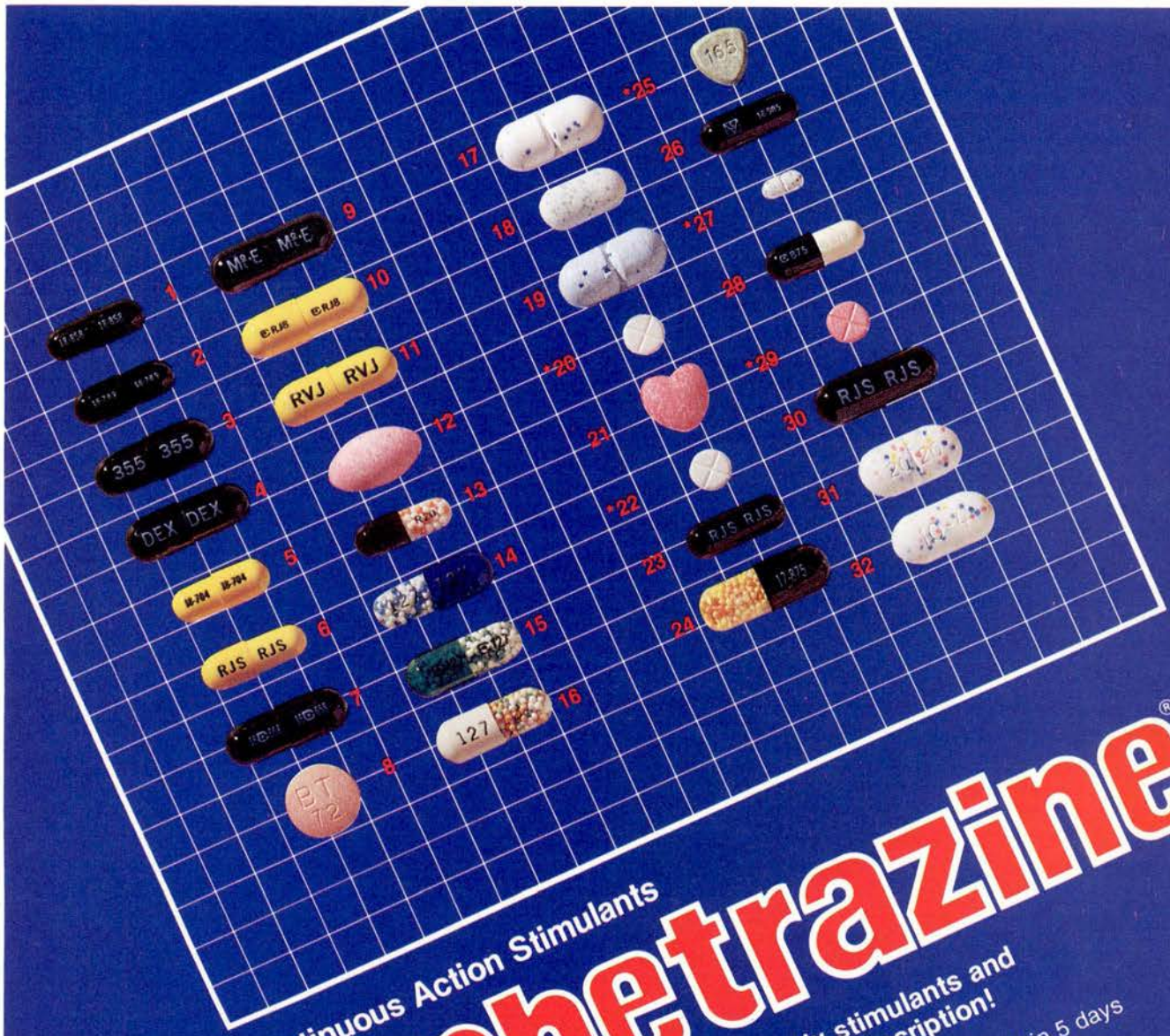

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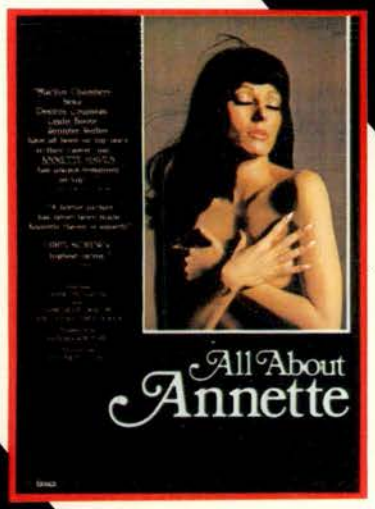

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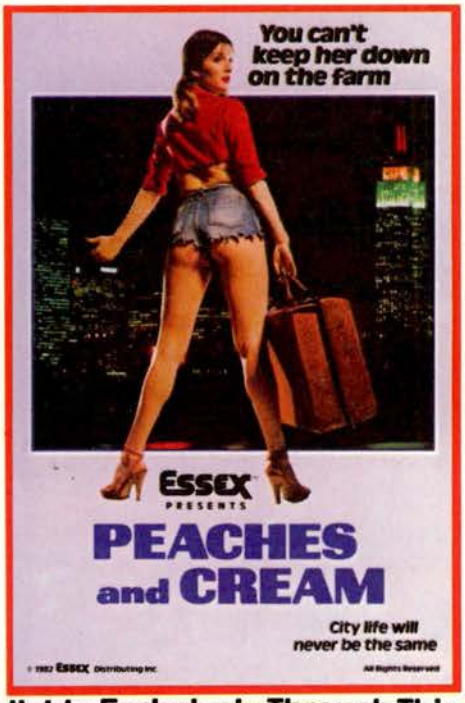

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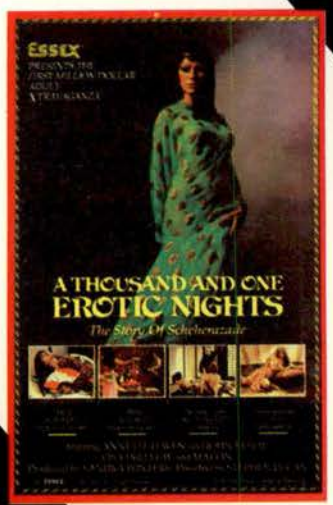

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